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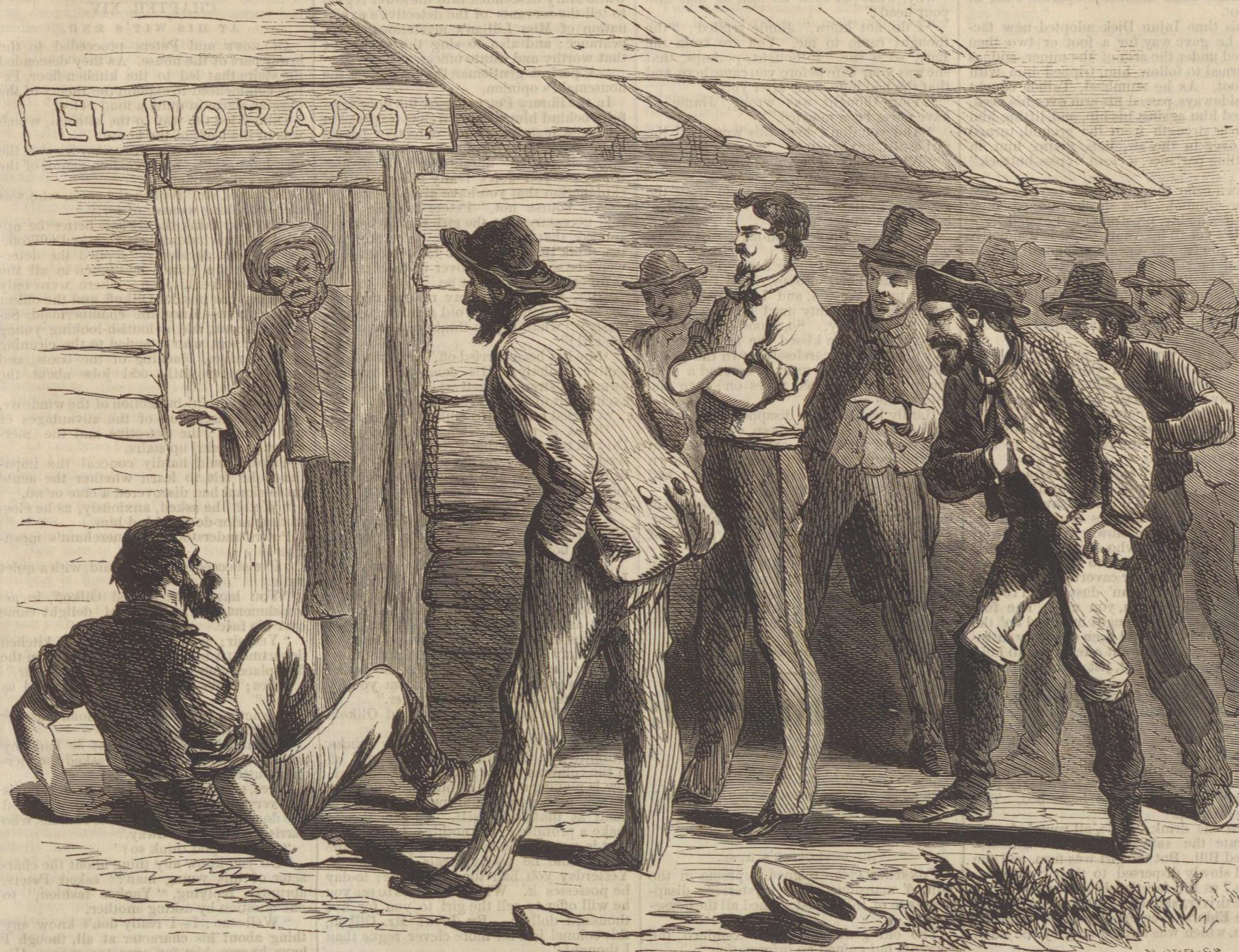
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"Reckon I'd better travel," said Dandy Jim. "You've got too many airthquakes round hyer fur me."

## OVERLAND KIT;

OR,

## THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "Witches of New York," "Wolf Demon," "White Witch," etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN FROM RED DOG.

"WHAT'S the matter, Dick?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"Oh, nothing; only a little nervous attack, that's all," he replied, recovering himself with a great effort.

Talbot sat sad facing the door, while Jinnie had her back to it, so that she had not noticed the entrance of the stranger.

"Good-evenin', Miss Jinnie," said Bill, the driver, advancing to the girl. Mr. Rennet and Bernice followed; both of them had seen so many strange sights in their western journey, that they were not much surprised when Bill introduced Jinnie as the hotel owner.

"I'll do the best I can for you, Miss," said Jinnie, politely, when she learned that it was the intention of the strangers to remain with her for a week or so. "But, we're pretty well crowded; we hain't got many rooms, but I reckon I'll be able to fix you, somehow."

"You can have my room, Jinnie," Talbot said; his head down, resting on his arms, which were laid upon the table, and thus hiding his features from view.

Bernice and the old lawyer looked at Talbot in astonishment, his appearance was so different from the rest of the inmates of the saloon.

"But, where will you go, Dick?" asked Jinnie, anxiously.

"Oh, anywhere; I'll get along well enough," Dick replied, never raising his head from the table.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Bernice said, in the low, sweet, lady-like voice, that was such a contrast to the clear, ringing tones of Jinnie.

Talbot shivered when the tones of Bernice's voice fell on his ears, as though an icy wind, fresh from the north, had blown full upon him.

"This way, Miss; I'll show you to your room at once; and you, sir," said Jinnie, addressing the old lawyer, "I'll have to put you in the room with Bill, here. It's the best I can do."

"You'll be as snug as a pint of bourbon in a miner's gulet, old hoss!" Bill exclaimed, slapping Rennet familiarly on the back, with his huge paw. "Say, I hope you allers keep your own side of the bed, 'cos when I bunks in with strangers, I allers goes to bed with spurs on."

but I must fly from her. I feel that she will bring me ill-luck; I must get out—leaving!"

Talbot arose from his seat and approached the bar.

"Give me some whisky," he said.

The Chinaman handed down the bottle in astonishment. He had never known Talbot to call for raw spirits before.

Dick filled a glass brimming full and drank it off as if it had been so much water.

"The liquor seems to have lost its strength," he murmured, an ugly look in his restless dark eyes. "How much, then?"

"Six bitee," replied Ah Ling.

Talbot tossed the money upon the counter and turned to leave the saloon. He longed for the fresh air, laden with the balm of the pine, swept from the white peaks down along the river valley.

The potent spirits had lost their power.

The nervous action of the brain, roused into being, defied the fumes of the whisky to overcome it. Yet Talbot would fain have stilled the busy thoughts that were working in his brain.

As Talbot turned, a burly, black-bearded fellow, gigantic in size, clad in a ragged, red-flannel shirt, butternut-colored breeches stuck into huge boots, and a high-crowned felt hat, rolled, with an unsteady motion, into the saloon. The stranger was covered with yellow mud from head to foot, as if he had lain down and taken a bath in the middle of the street. A belt strapped around his waist supported two revolvers and a huge Bowie-knife.

Bernice found that the room assigned to her was in the front of the building and looked out upon the only street of which Spur City could boast.

It was small, plainly-furnished, but fitted up neatly and tastily. A woman's hand, though, was plainly evident in the simple adornments.

In the silence of the little room, Bernice pondered first on the man who bore the strange name of "Injun Dick," and then upon the masked horsemen who had pronounced her name at the first glance.

After the stranger got fairly into the saloon, he steadied himself and looked around him, with an air of drunken gravity. All eyes of course were fixed upon him.

"I'm the—man—from—Red—Dog, hic, wake snakes an' come at me! yar-who-oop!" and he indulged in a prolonged yell.

It was the drunken yell of the representative from Red Dog that had disturbed Bernice in her chamber above.

After delivering his defiance, the stranger looked around him.

The inmates of the saloon naturally glanced toward Talbot, who stood leaning on the bar, an evil look in his eyes; he understood to whom the defiance was directed, but made no reply.

"Who's the man called Injun Dick—the

feller that wears kid gloves an' store clothes?" howled the stranger. "Let him step out an' look at me! I kin frighten him into a grease-spot!"

"My name is Dandy Jim from Red Dog!"

Then the stranger executed a war-dance in the center of the saloon.

"Set 'em up, agin'! Come an' see me! Yar-who-oo-o!" Again the stranger yelled with all the strength of his powerful lungs.

With a quick step, but a calm face, Talbot strode forward and confronted the Red-Dogite.

"See here, my friend, you had better go

home and go to bed; that's the best place for you," he said, quietly.

"Halloo, Tom Thumb! how are ye?" exclaimed the red-shirted stranger in sarcasm.

"Hadn't you better go home? Does yer mother know yer out?" Stand away, sonny, or I'll blow at yer an' knock yer over. I want ter see Injun Dick! I'm the-man-from-Red-Dog! I'm, part sea-ion, an' the rest on me is grizzly b'ar. I kin outrun, outdrink, or chaw up any man in the Reese valley! Peel an' go fur me! I'm yer an-

teater."

And again the stranger executed a war-dance around the center of the room, accompanied by a series of yells that would have done credit to a Pawnee Indian.

The actions of the giant were ridiculously funny, despite his warlike intentions.

"See here, now, you've cavitord round here long enough; stop your noise, or I'll put you out," Talbot said, laughing at the antics of the whisky-soaked miner, in spite of his efforts to appear grave.

"You put me out? You?" asked the miner, balancing himself unsteadily upon his legs. "Why, I kin eat you, I kin!"

Maybe you think I've histed too much benzine? I kin jist clean out this hull ranche, I kin! Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Dick Talbot."

"You're my antelope!" cried the miner, drawing a revolver from his belt. "I been huntin' you before!"

But the giant could use his weapon, there was a quick movement on the part of Injun Dick. His right arm drew back and shot out, sudden and unexpected as the flash of the lightning: a sharp, whip-like crack resounded through the room. It was the iron-like knuckles of Dick striking on the bloated face of the miner.

With a howl of pain and rage combined, the giant went over backward, against the door of the saloon; on his left cheek, under his eye, was a terrible gash, nearly two inches long, as clean a cut as though the cheek had been slit by a knife. It was the mark of Injun Dick's terrific blow.

The man-from-Red-Dog reclined against the door, and looked around him with a stupefied air. The blow had been so sudden and terrible in its force, that it was plain that he did not realize what had occurred.

"A right peart airthquake; beats Red Dog all hollow," he exclaimed. "Did it knock anybody else down?"

Then his eyes fell upon Talbot, who, with leveled revolver, stood in the center of the saloon.

"Halloo! what 'er 'bout?" the miner cried; "turn that t'other way."

"You cowardly hound! You come here expressly to pick a quarrel, and now you want to back out of it," Talbot said, in contempt.

Dandy Jim—so the miner was called—felt the terrible wound in his cheek, from which the blood was slowly trickling, and suddenly realized what had happened.

"See hyer, give a man a chance. I kin chaw you up with a fair show." The giant slowly rose to his feet. "You put down your wepons an' I'll put down mine. We kin go outside an' settle it."

"If you haven't got enough, there's more where the first come from," Talbot said, significantly.

The two gave up their weapons, and followed by the crowd, adjourned to the street outside the saloon.

Jinnie had re-entered the room, attracted by the noise. Her face was pale, and there was an anxious look upon her features, as she stood at the window and beheld Talbot in the moonlight, stripping off his coat, preparing to encounter the giant that towered above him.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE FACE IN THE WINDOW.

THERE was a dry spot of ground, some thirty feet square, in front of the Eldorado, which had not been cut up into ruts by the wagon-wheels.

The bright rays of the full moon shining down upon it, made it as light as day.

All in the saloon had gathered in a circle in front of it. Within the circle stood the two gladiators, completing their preparations for the contest.

The man-from-Red-Dog was soon ready; he dashed his old hat upon the ground; rolled up the torn sleeves of his red shirt, displaying his brawny arms, that, like his face, were tanned to the color of leather by the hot sun in the mountain gulches. His left cheek was swollen terribly, where Talbot's knuckles had left their mark. The giant was not a handsome man, at any time, and the ugly wound did not improve his looks. The proof he had already received of Talbot's prowess had opened his eyes to the extent of the task he had undertaken in confronting Injun Dick, and he was not disposed to underrate his antagonist.

Slowly Talbot prepared for the encounter. He cast aside the neat black coat and hat; rolled up the sleeves of his ruffled white shirt—he wore no vest—as carelessly as though he was going to wash his hands, instead of facing a bully, almost twice his size.

As Talbot bared his arms to the shoulder—the arms that were white and fair as those of a beautiful woman—the giant saw the firm play of the steel-like muscles, that stood out like bunches of knotted wire under the smooth, silk-like skin. If the shirt had been stripped from the back of Injun Dick, the sight of the body of his foe would have still further astonished "The-man-from-Red-Dog." He would have seen that Talbot was all bone and muscle, not an ounce of useless fat upon the wiry, sinewy form. The breadth of the shoulders and the knotted muscles that lay there beneath the silken skin, would have told him whence came the strength that sent forth Injun Dick's sledge-hammer blows.

"Look hyer! don't be all night," growled the miner, who began to have a nervous desire to see the thing through.

"Got any friends fur to carry yer home, Goliah?" asked Ginger Bill, with a grin; thus politely intimating that the Red-Dogite would be unable to walk after the affair was settled.

A chuckle went round the motley crowd at the humor of the stage-driver. Besides, the sympathy of the bystanders was almost entirely on the side of the smaller man.

After rolling up his sleeves, Talbot took his handkerchief from his pocket and tied it around his waist. As he tightened the knot of the handkerchief, he happened to glance toward the house. There was a little opening in the crowd, so his view was not obstructed. He saw the pale and anxious face of Jimmie pressed against the window-pane.

A quiet smile of confidence was on Talbot's features, and a bright light shone in his dark eyes as he glanced at the girl's face. Then, some strange, subtle instinct caused him to look upward. Why, he could not tell; but a sight met his eyes that made the blood run cold in his veins. Bernice, the "heart-woman," had been attracted by the noise under her window, and was looking out upon the crowd.

A single glance Talbot gave. He saw that she had seen the face, that he had succeeded in hiding from her.

A stifled groan came from his lips; he raised his hands to his throat as though he was choking; then rocked for a second unsteadily on his feet, and then, with a deep groan of anguish, fell forward on his face senseless. The groan was answered by a stifled gasp of anguish from Bernice's lips; yet still, with a face pale with agony, she pressed her temples against the window-pane.

The rough crowd had not noticed the glance of Injun Dick directed at the window; had not heard the sigh of anguish that had been wrung from Bernice's overwrought heart.

At Talbot's sudden, and to them astonishing faint, they had gathered eagerly around him.

"Somethin' bu'st!" cried Bill, sagely, kneeling by the side of the prostrate man, and extending his arms as if to raise him from the ground.

But, before the stage-driver could carry out his intentions, Jimmie burst impetuously through the crowd, pushing the miners right and left in her hurry.

With a quick, energetic motion, like a tiger mother springing forward in defense of her young, Jimmie pushed Bill away.

Losing his balance, the stage-driver sprawled over on the flat of his back, like a gigantic frog.

The girl raised the head of the fallen man from the ground and supported it on her knee. With pale features, lips tightly compressed and eyes shooting lurid fires, Jimmie looked into Talbot's face. She tore open the band of the shirt that seemed to compress the swollen neck.

"Get me some whisky, quick, some of you!" she cried. The crowd had discreetly fallen back a little after the girl's appearance. There was something terrible in her grief that impressed even the rude miners with awe.

Two or three of the crowd ran into the saloon after the whisky.

Jimmie bent over the pale face; her long hair had escaped from the knot that usually held it in place and came down like a red screen around the shapely head of Talbot. Concealed by the tangled mass of hair that half hid her action from the gaze of the wondering crowd, Jimmie kissed the pale lips of the senseless man with a dozen or more eager, burning kisses, as though she thought the fire of her lips would woo him back to life.

She thought not of those that stood around her; she would have done the same had all the world witnessed the action.

The color came back to the pale lips; the passionate kisses had accomplished their object; Talbot was reviving.

The girl raised her tearless eyes—there was too much fire in her soul for tears—joyfully to heaven. Her eyes rested on the pale face of Bernice, pressed against the glass. Had not Bernice been clad in her night-dress, robed for rest, she too would have sprung as eagerly as the other to the assistance of the fallen man.

With the quick instinct of woman, Bernice had guessed what had taken place, when the red-gold hair of Jimmie had swept, screen-like, around the face of Talbot. She could hear the eager kisses wooing life into the cold lips, though they reached no other ears. That little minute was an hour of torture to the soul of Bernice.

The eyes of the two girls met.

A single glance; but a glance of hatred met and returned.

"She loves him too!"

Four unspoken words, flashing through two brains at the same moment; from that moment Bernice Gwyne, the woman who seeks, and Jimmie, the girl who runs the Eldorado saloon, knew that they were bitter enemies.

With a roar and a howl, the three miners rushed from the saloon with a bottle of whisky, to which the Heathen Chinee, Ah Ling, clung with the courage of desperation.

"Melican man, no have—payee, alle same!" he screamed, in remonstrance.

When the three rough fellows had rushed into the saloon and seized the first bottle that came handy and prepared to depart with it, the faithful "Chinee" had battled manfully with the thieves as he supposed the intruder to be, as they hadn't tendered payment for the whisky or given any explanation.

"All right, Heathen," said Jimmie, taking the liquor. There was a strange, unnatural tone in the girl's voice. A forced calmness that seemed to tell of a raging fire within; something like the thin crust that covers the volcano's flame.

The Chinaman retreated into the saloon again, smiling blandly.

Jimmie poured the whisky into the hollow of her hand and dashed it upon the head that lay on her knee.

The smell of the potent spirits finished what the kisses of the girl had begun. Strange medicines, the pure and dewy lips of the girl and the fiery incense of the soul-destroying liquor.

Slowly Talbot opened his eyes and looked around him, with a wondering gaze.

"Be a man, Dick," murmured Jimmie, reproachfully, in his ear. "You have fainted like a girl!"

"You don't know the cause," he answered, a shiver shaking his form as though icy fingers had touched him.

"Yes, I do!" Jimmie exclaimed. "I am not blind, Dick; it is this woman—this stranger from the East."

There was just a little touch of reproach in the girl's voice.

"Come now, git on your pegs!" cried the red-shirted miner, who began to bluster again, thinking from Talbot's sudden illness that he had an easy job before him. "Stand up an' take your gruel like a man. I kin hug a b'r to death, I kin. I'm the caviton' grizzly from Red Dog, who-oop-o!"

"Say, Dick, lemme peel the hide off this ring-tailed mule!" cried Ginger Bill, who had risen to his feet after being pushed over by Jimmie's impetuous rush, and stood quietly looking on.

"No, no!" replied Talbot, rising to his feet, his strength having apparently all returned to him. "I ask no man to fight my battles. This fellow wants a lesson; he shall have one. Jimmie, go in; this is no place for you;" but, even as he spoke in chiding tone, he pressed the brown hand of the girl within his own, softly.

The pressure brought the quick, tell-tale blood to the cheeks and forehead of the girl; her eyes, too, flashed with a joyous light.

Without a word, she quitted his side, and went toward the saloon.

A single glance she gave at the pale face that still was pressed against the window-glass above. Upon her features was a look of defiance of triumph. Bernice answered it with scornful, contemptuous glances.

Rivals for one man's love were now those two girls, who, but an hour before, had never seen each other.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### TWO LOVES FOR ONE HEART.

A deep silence reigned among the rough crowd as Talbot stepped forward and confronted the giant.

The contrast between the two was great; not that there was such a difference between them in size, for now that the miner had doffed his high-crowned hat, and bared his arms, he did not appear to be a great deal larger in frame than his opponent—only taller. His arms were larger, but the bulk came from pounds of useless flesh, not from sinew and muscle.

A pugilist would have looked with admiration upon the easy and graceful posture of Injun Dick, as he carelessly threw himself into position, and faced the miner.

It was the old story over again; brute strength against cultivated skill.

A desperate rush the miner made at his opponent. His brawny arms cut the air as blow succeeded blow, but their force was wasted upon empty space. Agile and grace-

ful as a dancing-master, Dick either stepped back out of reach, or warded off the blows, as the rock throws aside the breaking wave.

Out of breath, the giant paused.

"Putty man you are, ain't ye? Why don't you stand still and lemme hit you? You wuss nor a perarate dog!" growled the miner, breathlessly.

Without replying, Talbot measured the distance, and sent out his right arm, as if intending to strike the giant on the breast. Clumsily the miner dropped his arm to ward off the blow, when, quick as a flash, rap tap! the knuckles of Talbot left their marks on the face of his opponent; then Dick jumped back again, out of distance, and putting down his hands, laughed at the bewilderment of the astonished giant.

"How's that for high?" suggested one of the crowd.

"This is as good as a circus!" roared Bill, in huge delight. "Get any more follows like you in Red Dog?"

Maddened by the taunt, as well as by the smart of the three cuts in his face, which did not improve his personal beauty at all, the miner made another desperate rush at Talbot.

This time Injun Dick adopted new tactics; he gave way for a foot or two, then dodged under the arm of the miner, and, as he turned to follow him, tripped him with his foot. As he stumbled, Talbot caught him sideways, passed his arm over his neck, pressed him against his hip, and, lifting him by sheer strength from the ground, turned him over in the air, thus giving him, in wrestling parlance, a clean "cross-buttock" fall.

Down came the giant with terrible force to the ground. The shock stunned him. Senseless he lay, prostrate on the earth.

"He's got all he wants," said Bill, quietly.

"If your kilt, open your mouth an' say so, bad luck to yeess!" cried the Irishman, Patsy, kneeling by the miner.

"He's only stunned," Talbot said, coolly, unrolling the sleeves of his shirt. "I'll be over it in a minute. He wanted a lesson, and now he's got it."

"Guess he won't want any more," Bill said, with a chuckle, in which the majority of the crowd joined. The Spur Cityites naturally rejoiced to see their townsmen get the best of the stranger.

In a few minutes, the miner recovered from the effects of the fall. He sat up and looked around him.

"Gosh! my head feels bigger'n a bushel basket!" he ejaculated, in a mystified sort of way. "Reckon I'd better travel; you've got too many airthquakes round here for me." Then he rose slowly to his feet and approached Talbot, who stood with folded arms. "Stranger, yer too much fur me. I axes yer pardon fur caviton' round hyer, an' I'll jist git up an' dust. You're just lightning' b'il'd down, you are!" The first time you hit me, I thought my head an' the hind leg of a mule had been suddenly introduced. If you ever want a fell'r fur to hold your hat in a fine fight, just call on me; I'm your antelope!"

Then the miner picked up his hat, and started off up the street.

The crowd made a break for the door of the saloon, but were confronted on the threshold by Jimmie.

"No more Eldorado to night, gentlemen," the girl said, decidedly. "It's nearly dark, and time for everybody to be in bed. The bar's closed up."

"Just one drink, Jimmie, all round, fur to celebrate the salivatin' of that galoot," pleaded Bill. But the girl was firm, and the crowd slowly dispersed to their "roosting-places" as Bill facetiously observed.

The driver, and a few others who roamed in the Eldorado, entered the now darkened saloon, which was lighted only by one small lamp.

Talbot, who had put on his hat and coat, remained outside, leaning against the door-post, apparently buried in thought.

Jimmie waited until all the idlers had dispersed; then she approached Talbot.

"What is the matter with you, Dick?" she asked, in a low, soothing voice; "you seem like a man in a dream."

Talbot started, roused from his abstraction by the girl's question.

"I—I am not well," he said, slowly, a painful restraint evident in his manner.

"And it is all the fault of this strange woman; she has bewitched you, Dick."

"Perhaps she has," he replied.

"I know she has!" Jimmie cried, earnestly.

"It was her presence that made you act so strangely in the saloon. It was the sight of her face in the window above that made you, the strong, resolute man, faint like a weak woman when you looked upon it.

Why should this person possess such a strange influence over you?" And as she asked the question, a sudden and fearful suspicion shot across her mind. A thought that made her clench her teeth in agony, and catch her breath as though life were about to desert her. But Talbot, his thoughts far away, his eyes fixed in a vacant stare, afar off, where the dark line of the pines cut the mountain peaks, whitened by the moonbeams, did not notice the agitation of the girl. He did not even hear the words that she addressed to him.

"Dick!" she cried, impetuously, pulling him by the coat-sleeve, "will you answer me?"

"What is to be done?"

"Temporize—promise every thing and give nothing," replied Peters, coolly.

"We must meet this fellow at his own game, and use his weapons."

"But how in heaven's name could he manage to carry off the girl? Surely she would not have gone with him of her own free will."

"No," replied Peters, quickly; "the last time I was here, she promised me that she would not leave this house. She gave me her word, and she meant to keep it, sir; no fear of that. She never left this house of her own free will."

"I believe it!" cried Ollkoff, emphatically.

"Don't spare money to aid you in discovering her, Mr. Peters; call on me for all you want. I love the girl as if she were my own child."

"I'll find her, sir; don't fear as to that!"

said the detective, with determination.

"And for a clue, I didn't discover much upstairs. The shawl that is missing was probably used by the abductors to wrap around her head, and so conceal her face."

"But I should have thought that she would have given an alarm."

"Bless you! they didn't give her the chance!" exclaimed the detective. "The fellows were probably concealed in her room; the moment she entered it, they sprang upon her and applied a drug, which stupefied her. Men are drugged and robbed every day in New York. The doctors say it can't be done, but, nevertheless, it is done, as the police records show. The parties then wrapped the shawl around her head, and carried her out of the house, probably had a carriage in waiting, put her in it, and drove off."

"But I can't understand how they could dare to attempt so bold an outrage?" said the merchant, in amazement.

"The hour was early; the chance of encountering some of my household great. How could they tell that we had gone to bed?"

"Simply enough; whoever carried out this abduction had an accomplice inside the house."

"What!" and Ollkoff started in amazement.

"Some one inside introduced the ruffians.

They drugged the girl; then the inside house.

They conducted them from the house, of course first assuring himself that everybody had gone to bed. I had this suspicion when I was questioning the girl; that's the reason I led her off on a false scent. Of course she will repeat my words down-stairs among the servants. The one who has acted in collusion with the abductors will believe that his part in the affair is not suspected. He will be off his guard, and the first thing he knows, I'll catch him tripping."

"Mr. Peters, Heaven will surely aid you,

for you are fighting the battle of the weak against the strong, of the helpless girl against her bold, bad enemies," said the old man, impressively.

"I trust so, sir," replied Peters; "and now I must see your servants; and without

"You have discovered a clue?" asked Ollkoff, anxiously.

"Yes, sir; the explanation is a reasonable one. Miss Lillian, after bidding this young lady good-night, and closing the door, suddenly took the idea into her head that she wanted something; a paper or candy or something of that sort, most probably; so she just slipped the plaid shawl over her head and ran out to get it. On the way to the store, or back, something happened to her; a fainting-fit, perhaps. I've no doubt that I'll find out all about it at the station-house."

Ollkoff was about to expostulate against this reasoning, but catching Peter's eye, a knowing wink warned him to be silent.

"Oh, yes, of course—very probably," he said.

"By the way, Mr. Ollkoff, how about that rare book that you wanted to show me the other day?" Peters said, carelessly.

Ollkoff understood the detective's meaning. He wished to speak with him privately.

"Certainly—come into the library."

Ollkoff led the way; Peters followed, while Mary descended into the lower region to tell the servants of the detective's explanation of Miss Lillian's mysterious disappearance; and also to sing the praises of that worthy and astute officer.

"A perfect gentleman!" Such was the housemaid's opinion.

In the library Peters closed the door carefully behind him. The careless expression upon the features of the detective passed away and a thoughtful one took its place.

"Well, well?" questioned Ollkoff, nervously; "you don't really believe in this explanation that you have given?"

"Of course not," Peters replied; "but it is necessary that the girl should believe, and say, that I am satisfied. If certain parties think that I am on a false scent, they won't be so careful to cover up their tracks, as otherwise they might be."

"But, Mr. Peters, pray relieve my suspense?" exclaimed the old gentleman, anxiously.

"Well, well?" he asked, anxiously, as he closed the parlor-door behind him.

Peters understood the merchant's meaning.

"That is my thought exactly; and now,

I am more and more impressed with the belief that I had first; that is, that the father does not exist; that this colonel is both agent and principal. After his interview with you he came to the conclusion that you might defy him to do his worst, and knowing that he could not produce the father and thus take the girl away from you, by due process of law, he kidnaps her."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Ollkoff, in anguish.

"Carried off!" cried Ollkoff, in horror.

"That is precisely what has occurred. Do you remember that I remarked that possession was nine points of the law? that brilliant idea has also occurred to somebody else. They have put it in practice, too, by carrying off the girl."

"Well! then you think that this colonel, who pretends to represent the girl's father, is at the bottom of this outrage."

"That is my thought exactly; and now,

"Yes, I understand now; you watch him that he may lead you to those who em-  
ployed him."

"That's the idea exactly," replied the de-  
tective.

"Remember, Mr. Peters, money is no ob-  
ject so that you rescue the girl from the  
hands of these villains!" cried the old man,  
earnestly.

"I'll do my best, sir; never fear! I'll go  
down-town at once, and arrange with my  
partner to take up the scent. Hank will  
run Mr. Michael to the earth, unless he's a  
deal smarter chap than I take him to be."

Peters moved toward the door, when it  
opened suddenly, and John, the servant, en-  
tered with a card.

"The same gent as came yesterday, sir,"  
said John, presenting the card.

"Colonel Roland Peyton!" the merchant  
said, in amazement, as he gazed at the paste-  
board.

For once in his life, the keen detective  
looked utterly astonished.

"What shall I do?" asked Ollkoff, ad-  
ressing the detective. The merchant was  
astounded at the visit.

"Why, have him shown in, of course,"  
Peters replied, instantly. The detective  
had determined upon a plan of action, im-  
mediately.

John retired to usher in the colonel.

"I'll retire into the other room; the fel-  
low is playing a bold game; we haven't  
got any common rascal to deal with here,  
sir; it will take all our wits to get the best  
of him!" cried Peters, rapidly, retreating as  
he spoke, through the door that led into  
the back parlor.

"But, what shall I say to this man?" de-  
manded Ollkoff, who was completely bewil-  
dered.

"Hear what he has to say first; then say  
what you like in reply; it don't make much  
difference."

Peters disappeared, and the door closed  
just as John conducted the colonel into the  
parlor.

Peyton was gotten up regardless of ex-  
pense, as usual. He bowed in a very dignified  
manner to the merchant, and a bland,  
self-satisfied smile was on his face.

John withdrew and closed the door.

"I trust that you are enjoying good health  
this morning," the colonel said, airily.

Ollkoff glared at the adventurer in rage;  
he could hardly restrain his passion; he  
hardly dared to trust himself to speak.

"As you have forgotten to ask me to be  
seated, I trust you will excuse me if I take  
a chair without waiting for an invitation,"  
and the colonel sat down.

The merchant could hardly choke down  
his anger. The cool impudence of his visi-  
tor astounded him.

"Now then to business; I trust you will  
pardon any lack of ceremony on my part;  
business is business, you know," Peyton  
said, coming directly to the point. "Have  
you considered the proposition that I made  
to you yesterday? Are you ready to give me  
your answer?"

"Answer, sir!" exclaimed Ollkoff, making  
a great effort to subdue his rage.

"That is precisely what I said," replied  
Peyton, coolly. "Which is it to be, five  
thousand dollars or the girl?"

"You have the impudence to come here  
and put that question after what happened  
last night?" cried the merchant, in anger.

The colonel stared in amazement at this  
outburst of passion.

"Well, sir, I haven't the remotest idea, to  
what you are alluding!" the colonel replied,  
astonishment in his voice. "Of course, it is  
utterly impossible for me to guess what hap-  
pened last night. If you will inform me,  
and explain in what way it concerns me, I  
shall be much obliged to you."

"Upon my word! I think you are the  
coolest rascal that I have ever seen!" cried  
Ollkoff.

"I am really much obliged to you for the  
favorable opinion that you have given of me,"  
replied Peyton, not at all disconcerted.  
"But as I have once before remarked, to  
business. Which is it? your election—the  
money or the girl?"

"How can I give you the girl, sir, when  
you have already stolen her from me?" cried  
Ollkoff, in anger.

"What's that you say?" cried Peyton,  
springing to his feet.

"Your bluster won't avail you here, you  
infarnal scoundrel!" cried Ollkoff, in wrath.  
"You abducted the girl from my house last  
night!"

"Do you mean to say the girl is gone?"

"You know she is gone, you villain!  
and the merchant shook his clenched fist in  
the face of the colonel, who retreated a step at  
the menacing movement.

"Oh! I see your game!" cried Peyton, be-  
ginning to show signs of anger. "You have  
hidden the girl in spite of your promise  
not to do any thing underhand. You won't  
beat me! I'll find the girl if she's a thou-  
sand miles away! Just you mark me, you  
shan't have her unless you pay five thou-  
sand dollars for her. You need keener wits  
than you have in your head, Obadiah Oll-  
koff, to measure strength with me!" Then  
the colonel made a hasty exit from the house.

Peters re-entered the parlor.

"I don't know what to think!" he ex-  
claimed; "I own up clean beat!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 65.)

### Rosa Kent's Riddle.

BY OLL COOMES.

#### CHAPTER I.

"And now, my dear Rosa, I have come  
for your answer to my proposal of yester-  
day."

Thus spoke handsome Fred Travis, as he  
entered the room where sat the woman of  
his heart—Rosa Kent.

"What impatient creatures men are!" re-  
plied Rosa, a roguish smile upon her lips.  
"It is true, I promised you yesterday that I  
would give you an answer to-day, and here  
it is in the form of a 'riddle,' and she  
placed in his hand, a slip of white paper  
written upon one side."

"Ah! up to your roguish tricks again,"  
returned Fred, taking the paper. "If you  
evade my question much longer, I shall take  
it for granted that you do not intend to give  
me an answer at all."

The dark eyes of pretty little Rosa Kent,  
the belle of Elmwood, sparkled with merriment,  
and a smile played about her red, ripe  
lips as she replied:

"You have accused me, Fred, of trifling  
with your patience, and to be revenged, I  
wrote that note, which embodies my answer  
as to whether I will or will not be your  
wife. Now you can read it."

Fred smiled at the little torment and at  
the same time tried to look angry.

"I am not good at guessing riddles," he  
said, glancing at the paper, then read:

"How serious have been my reflections, how  
much I have thought of bygone days, the  
hand of memory trembles with the touch of those  
beautious gems which I know now, but the  
hand of God can give back to you and me, dear  
Fred."

"Well," said Fred, when he had finished  
reading, "I can see nothing in that, Rosa,  
that has the shadow of an answer about it,  
but rather a lament for the past."

Rosa smiled at her lover's perplexity.

"That is my riddle," Fred, she replied;  
"study well the note, for my answer is there  
in a few words."

Fred looked at the paper again. There  
were ten words underscored, or italicized.

Why was this, he asked himself, unless Rosa  
had fallen into the error of young writers  
of thinking that emphasis would lead to the  
vigor of their writings? Thus he mused for  
some time. Suddenly a smile passed over  
his face. He had faltered the secret of  
the letter. He had the maiden's answer in  
black and white. She had plighted him her  
hand and heart, and he at once proceeded to  
explain the secret of the note to its au-  
thor.

"Well, you are good at guessing riddles,"  
dear Fred, said Rosa.

Fred clasped the form of his betrothed  
to his heart and kissed her rosy lips. His cup  
of joy was full.

"This I shall keep as long as I live," he  
said, folding the paper and placing it in his  
pocket, "and never will I forget your riddle, dear Rosa."

Little did either Rosa Kent or her lover  
dream that their future happiness—yea, that  
the life of the former hung upon the words:  
"Never will I forget your riddle, dear Rosa."

The secret connected with the note will be  
explained to the reader in the sequel of  
my story.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE greatest wonder and excitement pre-  
vailed throughout Elmwood. The day be-  
fore that on which she was to have been  
married to Frederick Travis, Rosa Kent had  
disappeared from her father's house. As  
she had very often gone out without her  
friends' knowledge, they thought nothing of it  
when she was first missed, supposing she  
had merely gone to call upon some of her  
neighbor girls; but, when the night had  
passed and the dawn ushered in the morn-  
ing of her wedding-day, it found her still  
absent. The wonder of her parents was now  
aroused, and without creating excitement,  
servants were dispatched to the nearest  
neighbors in search; but, as they heard  
nothing of her, and the wedding hour was  
drawing near, the news of her mysterious  
disappearance became general, and ran like  
wildfire over the town. Everybody turned  
out in quest of the missing maiden: messen-  
gers were dispatched in all directions; the  
wedding hour came and passed; the guests  
returned home; night came on apace, but  
no tidings from Rosa Kent!

Fred Travis, almost heart broken, neither  
slept nor ate, and Mr. and Mrs. Kent wept  
in despair for the absent one.

The days passed on and the excitement  
over Rosa's disappearance gradually calmed  
down into a nine days' wonder. The search  
was given up, and with a sad heart Fred  
resumed his legal labor. The sorrowing  
parents gave up all hopes of ever knowing  
what had been the fate of their child, but  
in this they were happily, or rather sadly  
disappointed.

Five days after her disappearance, Fred  
Travis received a letter from his betrothed.  
Judge of his shame and mortification when  
on opening it he read:

"FRED TRAVIS—I know you will be sur-  
prised on receiving this, but I feel that I am  
under obligations, at least, to tell you that my  
heart has long been held a willing prisoner, and  
in unison with, and by the strong power of  
love cherished for me in the heart of OASON KEN-  
NETH. I presume you were surprised at my absence  
on what was supposed to have been our  
wedding-day; but true happiness with love is  
preferable to honors without love. The former  
is all I have to offer you; the latter I could have  
had from Orson; the latter I could have had  
from you. To-morrow we sail for Europe, and  
my last injunction is—if you wish to rescue the  
past from your memory, go to the sea-shore  
and shut yourself up in Coast Ruins with its  
ghosts a few days."

Rosa Kent had written the note in his hand as he  
had requested.

"Orson Kenneth! blackleg and gambler!

I can scarcely believe that Rosa has fled  
with him—I would not believe it did I not  
have it in black and white in her own hand-  
writing. False-hearted woman, Heaven will  
punish you for the shame that you have  
brought upon us all. I knew Kenneth had left,  
but I never dreamed that my adored  
Rosa had accompanied him; and how in-  
sulting and heartless this letter!"

As he concluded his soliloquy, he unfolded  
the note and read it again, as if to assure  
himself that he was mistaken. As he did  
so, a low exclamation escaped his lips, as  
though it had been caused by an inward  
pain. His hand trembled violently, and his  
face assumed the mingled expressions of  
joy and anger. He noticed that which he  
had overlooked before, and which he would  
have overlooked a thousand times, had he  
not, in trying to recall the past, remembered  
those words spoken in the manner of a promise  
to Rosa—the words, "Never will I forget your  
riddle, dear Rosa!"

What he had noticed in this letter was  
that a number of the words were under-  
scored with two lines, which in print would  
render them the same as small capitals. Fred  
glanced over the letter and the emphasized  
words, as he had done in reading the riddle  
a few days previous. A cry, that was almost  
prolonged into a shout, burst from his lips.

"Thank God, Rosa is true! That accursed  
Kenneth has abducted her; but she shall be  
rescued, and the fiend incarnate shall pay  
for his villainy with his life!"

"Fred, my boy, what are you raving about  
in such a manner?"

It was Mr. Kent, Rosa's father, who had  
entered the young lawyer's office unobserved  
and overheard Fred's soliloquy.

"Thank God! thank God!" returned  
Fred. "Rosa is heard from, Mr. Kent.  
She was abducted and carried away by that  
villain, Orson Kenneth, whom she rejected,  
a month ago. I say she was abducted by  
him; this, however, I am not certain of,  
but she is a prisoner in his power. I have  
a letter from her—a cipher letter. Read it,  
Mr. Kent, read it!"

Mr. Kent read the letter, and groaned in  
agony of heart at its import.

"Fred! Fred! you are crazy! She—she  
closed with Kenneth—she has disgraced—"

"No, Mr. Kent, there is a secret about  
that communication. Kenneth has no doubt  
forced her to write that letter in full, but

there is a secret in it, Mr. Kent, a secret,"  
said Fred, in an excited manner; "look  
here"—taking the letter in his hand—"read  
these words underscored in the order that  
they occur, and independent of the other  
words. They form a sentence of  
themselves, and reveal the secret of Rosa's  
disappearance, and her present whereabouts."

Mr. Kent adjusted his glasses and read  
aloud the underscored words in the letter:

"I—AM—A—PRISONER—IN—THE—POWER—OF—  
ORSON—KENNETH—at—COAST RUINS."

There was a momentary silence; then  
Mr. Kent uttered a cry of joy.

"How came you to discover this secret  
sentence, Fred?" he asked.

"From the fact that Rosa had puzzled  
me with such a one before," and he drew  
from his pocket Rosa's "riddle," as she  
termed it, and read, separate from the  
others, those words that were underscored,  
taking them in the order that they occurred.  
They formed a sentence, and read thus:

"My heart and hand I give to you, dear Fred."

#### CHAPTER III.

TWENTY miles east of Elmwood, on a  
bleak, isolated point of rocks overlooking  
the sea, stood the ruins of an old stone  
building known as Coast Ruins. When  
and by whom it had been built, nobody  
knew. Some said it had been erected by  
pirates in Kidd's days, but of this there was  
no authentic record; and as the place was  
reported to be haunted, of course nobody  
felt interested enough to search the place  
for proof of its being the head-quarters of  
the freebooters of the Spanish Main. But  
no difference what it had been used for in  
its earlier history; at the time of which we  
write, it was used as the head-quarters of a  
band of smugglers and counterfeiters, of  
which this Orson Kenneth was the chief.

Three months previous to the opening of  
our story, Orson had made his appearance  
at Elmwood with forged testimonials  
of good character, and with the avow-  
ed purpose of going into business there. He  
boarded at the first-class hotel, dressed well  
and in various ways made a great display of  
opulence which at once admitted him into  
the first society. In the course of time he  
made the acquaintance of Rosa Kent, which  
finally resulted in his proposing for her  
hand, and his rejection. This so enraged  
the handsome Mr. Kenneth, whom all the  
fashionable and shallow-minded of Elm-  
wood thought every young woman in town  
was striving to win that when he heard of  
Ross's intended marriage with Fred Travis  
he resolved to carry her off to Coast Ruins  
and force her to marry him. This daring  
and acute rogue succeeded in doing by  
concealing himself and an associate in the  
park surrounding his father's house, and  
when she went out to walk there alone be-  
tween sundown and dark, they sprung from  
their covert and seized her, muffling her  
voice in the folds of a heavy coat.

She was then conducted to Coast Ruins  
and locked up in dark room of the damp  
old ruins. The following day Kenneth entered  
her room with paper, pen and ink and placed  
them upon a rude table before her. He then  
informed her that she was to write a letter  
to Fred Travis, telling him that she had  
eloped with Orson; the latter I could have  
had from Rosa's lips as she caught sight  
of John Ramsey's woe-begone features, and  
then she began to cry.

The girl's emotion touched the prisoner  
to the quick, and for a moment he could  
not speak. Then he only managed to say,  
in something very little louder than a whisper:

"Well, I guess that ain't the man, by a jugful,"  
retorted the turnkey. "The man is a  
jugful."

"What reason?"

"He ain't no such man here."

"Has he been liberated, then?" Bradley  
asked, excitedly.

"Well, no," with a yawn, "I guess not."

"Don't you like Baden and off  
Europe?" asked Bradley.

"Not at all," replied the turnkey.

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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## Take Notice!

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## Foolscap Papers.

### Personal Recollections.

As it is very fashionable nowadays to give personal reminiscences of distinguished men, I beg to be allowed to give a few of my own earlier acquaintances, and hope that the fashion will be kept up after I have departed for parts both unknown and extremely doubtful, that the hundreds of friends I have may do the same toward me.

Daniel Webster was a bosom friend of mine, and used to chew my tobacco. I did him a favor once which he could never forget. He was troubled with bunions and asked me how he could get them out. I advised him to cut holes in his boots and the bunions would come out themselves. He always considered me his national benefactor. He never could tolerate a hole in the heel of his stocking any more than a flaw in his political principles, and I have often heard him damn them himself. His magnanimous heart was not above eating beans. I used to help him with my advice and assist him in writing his speeches. Dan will always remember me.

When Julius Caesar heard I was in Rome he immediately sent for me, made a good deal over me, and assigned the Coliseum to me as a residence. Jule always looked well in a plug hat, but he never liked paper collars. I don't remember of ever having to kick him, for we always got along very well together. Jule preferred his ice with an apple in it, and I remember that one night we were out together when he took too much straw in it and I was obliged to assist him to his lodgings. Not being very firm on his feet he often went to the ground, and I thought so much of him that I always went with him, for I'd stick to him to the last. The Royal was very clear and I knew the streets of Rome from Mulberry to Main, and felt confident I could take him right home. He would often stop and throw his arm around me and exclaim, "Ole fellow, you'll never leave me!" and I'd throw my arms around his neck, with "Yer right, Julie, I'm yer fr'en' slong as a drop of old Rye flows in these veins!" and then we would sit down on our hats and cry. Somehow in taking him straight home I got him outside the city limits, but I couldn't account for it the next morning. Jule said he was very glad that modern historians did so much honor to his memory, and spoke often of Jim Fisk, Jr., Horace Greeley and George Francis Train.

His nose crossed the Rubicon before he did.

He used to wear my shirts when he was in the wash, and was so fond of me that he had me for dinner and supper every day in preference to any thing else on the table.

Many's the dime I've loaned him. When I left we exchanged tooth-brushes and shed many groans. He afterwards died from the severest cutting he ever received from his friends.

Alexander the Great, enjoyed the honor of my friendship. In several of his great battles he wore my boots, which accounts for the fact that he never ran. Aleck had always a good deal to say of his celebrated horse, Bucephalus, and thought that Bonner had nothing finer in his stables. He always preferred the ancient to the modern mode of warfare, and wouldn't allow gunpowder to be used in his army—noting but double-barreled swords, breech-loading spears and fiery chariots. I used to be one of the contents of his contented tent, and was with him when he cut the celebrated Gordian knot, which got in his shoe-string, and I loaned him my knife to cut it with. We never had but one little difficulty, and I licked him for that, and we were better friends than ever after that—he had made the unguarded remark in my presence that there were no more worlds to conquer except the United States, and that he didn't care to go there to conquer it, for he said as soon as he would land in New York the snobs would unhitch the horses from his carriage and make a fool of themselves at their own expense—I knew this was false and was obliged to knock him down.

Aleck was fond of the native Kentucky wine of the Bourbon dynasty, and frequently couldn't tell the stopper from the bottle, for he would fill his bowl very high indeed, and then go there himself. He always thought so much of me that he would never allow me to be out of his sight for fear that he wouldn't see me when he looked at me, and for fear he would miss me when he didn't find me. He was fond of Baltimore oysters, and never stopped for the shells. He finally threw himself away in a whisky-sling, and I was appointed to administrate on his affairs (no little job, for he was an extensive landholder) and to write these memoirs of him.

Pharaoh, the unfortunate king of Egypt, showed his greatness by thinking there was nobody like me, and he would often run away from his wife and come down to my lodgings and stay all night, talking of the Atlantic cable, the last Fenian raid, Andy Johnson and gum-boils, with which he was favored. I let him have my fine-tooth comb during a certain plague, which he used with a good deal of lice-nse.

He was fearfully troubled with snakes. Poor fellow. I stood on the shore and saw

him expire, when he died of drinking a good deal more water than he wanted. He was a large-hearted man, and loved mustard poultices on his bread.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

"**Judge Jones**," the banker of Spur City; the queer, odd man, who, beneath an icy exterior, conceals a heart of fire; a man of iron will but of terrible passions; the head of the crime-scourging "Vigilantes" who, rising in their might, ornament the pines of the Reese river valley with human fruit—is one of the life-like characters who figure in Mr. Aiken's new serial, "OVERLAND KIT."

### OPPORTUNITY.

"**THERE** is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

Truer words were never written. The flood which bears the human bark on to the golden haven will come some time—must come. It may come early in life, when the adventurous youth first tests his strength against the eddying currents of the tide upon which he must swim. Or, it may come when years have cooled the blood and steadied the head. But, let not despair sap the heart and unnerve the hand, even when long years of hopeless toil have exerted their despoothing influences.

Wait and hope!

Golden words, that should be written on each heart, treasured in each mind.

Opportunity makes men, or rather makes men's fortunes.

Take our President, Grant, for instance. If it had not been for the opportunity afforded him by the war to show what metal there was in him, it is more than probable that he would have been a simple clerk in the Galena store to-day, instead of swaying the destinies of the Great Republic.

"The man woke to find himself famous!" It is an old saying. Smith says to Brown, "I never thought he had it in him!" Why? because the man never had a chance to show the talents that he really did possess.

Lincoln had a shrewd saying, that, in this world, half the time, the round pegs get into the square holes; they didn't fit. In other words, the opportunity hadn't come to the round pegs.

A wise saying; a true one, too.

Napoleon I. is perhaps the best example of what "opportunity" has done for a man. What prophet could have predicted that the soul-lieutenant, in a few short years, would beat the best Generals of the world? What eye could have detected in the quiet and resolute young soldier, the future conqueror?

So it is in our life to-day; we jostle in the street, unnoticed, the man "o. in few years, will be famous.

He is waiting for his opportunity. When it comes, comet-like, he will astonish the world.

Nearly all the great discoveries in science, medicine, etc., have been the result of accident. A man searching after one result has discovered another.

The old-time painter, who wished to produce the foaming mouth of a horse upon his canvas, labored in vain. Despite his skill, the foam looked unnatural. In despair, he dashed the sponge against the canvas—in those days sponges served as brushes—when lo, and behold! the sponge, striking on the mouth, produced the foam he had vainly tried to paint there.

In our life, half the time, the man tumbles into his opportunity without knowing it. He little dreams that he is on the high road to fortune, until proof after proof convinces him, at last, he has found his proper sphere.

As we have already said, to some the golden opportunity comes early in life, to others late; but, despair not, for he must be unlucky indeed to whom it never comes.

Of course, all will not become wealthy, nor all famous; the sparrow doesn't fly like the eagle, and the ant will never possess the strength of the lion. Men have their grades; when they overstep them, they do not hold their proper position.

But these people—dear me! They will tell you, with a countenance suggestive of a funeral, that there is nothing in this world but trouble and affliction, that it is the lot of mortals and that you mustn't expect anything else, for you will be sorely disappointed if you do, interspersing the whole with numerous sighs and sniffles that have a very enlivening effect on you, and render you about as comfortable as if you were reposing on hot coals. No matter if they are in the enjoyment of every blessing; they will complain that their harps are too heavy, or their crowns not a perfect fit, and their seats will always be a little too high or a trifle too low, they will never be able to play any thing more cheerful than "China" or "Old Hundred," and will make all the crotches and quavers into semibreves at that.

That is the heaven they look forward to; but I believe we shall have something to do besides to sit on three-legged stools and play psalm tunes.

But these people—dear me! They will tell you, with a countenance suggestive of a funeral, that there is nothing in this world but trouble and affliction, that it is the lot of mortals and that you mustn't expect anything else, for you will be sorely disappointed if you do, interspersing the whole with numerous sighs and sniffles that have a very enlivening effect on you, and render you about as comfortable as if you were reposing on hot coals. No matter if they are in the enjoyment of every blessing; they will complain that their harps are too heavy, or their crowns not a perfect fit, and their seats will always be a little too high or a trifle too low, they will never be able to play any thing more cheerful than "China" or "Old Hundred," and will make all the crotches and quavers into semibreves at that.

Two loves for one heart. Bernice Gwyne, the beautiful New York girl, and Jimmie Johnson, the keeper of the "Eldorado"! Strange rivals! One, the dashing city belle; the other, the wild flower of the mines, as pretty as the mountain daisy, and as free in thought and act as the wild mustang. Yet both these girls love the same man. A wild and beautiful story is Mr. Aiken's "OVERLAND KIT," or, THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE."

### FASHION'S FOLLIES.

The people of this country are not entirely free yet; they still are slaves to a hard taskmaster, or mistress—Fashion. To be out of the fashion is to be almost out of the world. Because Fashion issues her edicts, it is thought necessary to load another woman's hair on the back of our heads, making us like overgrown pin-cushions. Then we must just allow a lace and a few flowers to rest on our heads, and everybody must be made to believe that it keeps us warm as warm as one of those old-fashioned Leghorn affairs that our mothers talk about, which always was seen long before its wearer came in sight. Sometimes Fashion commands us to wear trains to our dresses, probably for the purpose of seeing how much off we can save the city scavengers from picking up. Just imagine a refined lady bringing home with her a stamp of a cigar, an abandoned piece of chewed tobacco, a few orange-peels, and a couple of old hoops in the train of her dress! Don't you suppose she'd pout her pretty lips a little, and wish that those articles were in their appropriate place, even though she does wish it were the Red Sea?

At another time, we find that long dresses must be abandoned, to give way to those

which will not touch the ground, and make the young men on the corners stare us to death. The only benefit it does is to transfer their gaze from our faces to our feet. Then, if Fashion wants us to go limping about as though we had some deformity, we are expected to do it. I never could look on a Grecian Bend but I thought of poor Christian, who was so anxious to get rid of his burden of sin, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and I wondered if he ever thought that he would be so closely imitated by his fair followers. I always shall believe that fashion was taken from one of his pictures.

Why should we bow to this goddess, Fashion, and be such slaves to her whims and caprices? Because we are so anxious to look more than well in the eyes of our neighbors.

I've often thought the male sex were relieved of the dire troubles Madame Fashion gives us, but there's brother Tom, who will, at one time, wear pantaloons that resemble those we see upon sailors, in the play at the theater, so loose and baggy they are. A month will pass, and brother Tom appears clad in pants so tight that it seems as though it were a perfect torture for him to sit down. I pity him, and ask him what makes him do so. His reply is: "Fashion, my dear Eve." So the men are just as much slaves as we are.

I don't wonder that fathers look with horror at the fashion magazines, and call them "infernal machines," when they bleed their pocket-books so freely.

How much better a person looks, neatly and simply dressed, and how ridiculously uncomfortable some of our musical ladies appear on the stage of the concert-room, with their tucks and frills! They don't look like human beings animated with a soul, but like lay-figures dressed up for show.

I suppose many will think my talk rather personal when I say that hundreds of men and women have their thoughts upon nothing but dress. Such is the case, however; and kneeling on the velvet cushions of the church, they think more of what they have on, and how much admiration they are exciting than they ought. Don't carry your pride with you into the house of God.

And now we'll wander off into good old Bible times, when Fashion had not spread her net to catch us. Don't we often think that Adam and Eve should have been perfectly contented when they were left unmolested by fashion plates? I think so, and that's the reason why I have written this. When I get into the country, don't I envy the youngsters who can wear patched clothes, throw off shoes and stockings, and run about barefooted? They are not annoyed by Fashion's follies.

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But these people thought they were worshiping God, and could they have read the thoughts in my mind, they would have undoubtedly thought me what one of their number called a "pretty h-a-r-d c-a-s-e!"

LETTE ARTLEY IRONS.

### LAUGHING.

AMONG the logical definitions of Man, the most popular in the school is that which nominates him "a risible animal." It is certain that no other created being indulges in laughter, though not a few of the brutes and birds utter cries which bear a distinct resemblance to the merry sound. The savage seldom, if ever, laughs, which goes far to signify the great gulf between high intelligence and the degraded man.

Conversely, very few philosophers laugh; not from want of capacity, but rather from weariness, asceticism, or (more commonly) affection. A felicitous line has done much to suppress free laughter: "The loud laugh proclaims the vacan' mind." In deference to this statement many men check a natural impulse for the sake of being classed with minds too preoccupied with superior reflection to indulge in mirthlessness.

Another favorite quotation against exuberant expression of mirthment is quoted from even a higher authority: "The laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns under a pot." Those unfortunate folk whose laughter is exhibited in a sort of crepitatum have this Scriptural "bogey" to frighten them into discreet smiling, for the sake of appearance of sapience.

There are two modes of expressing merriment—with or without reason. No man should ask another why he laughs, or at what, seeing that he does not always know, and that if he does, he is not a responsible agent.

Laughter is, technically speaking, an involuntary action of certain muscles, developed in the human species by the progress of civilization; and the peculiarities of laughing are so multifarious that it is almost hopeless to attempt to classify them. It is certain that a stupid rustic is generally found on the broad grin, but this is no symptom of the function of risibility; it is merely the vacant stare and open mouth of ignorant admiration, and far removed from the laugh of the perceptive humorist.

It is not everybody who knows how to laugh. A discrete suppression of merriment—with or without reason. No man should ask another why he laughs, or at what, seeing that he does not always know, and that if he does, he is not a responsible agent.

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## A RECOGNITION.

BY WM. M. F.

The fields are green with smiling June;  
The woods ring with the robin's tune;  
The mignonette, sweetest of flowers,  
Perfumes the cool and shady bower;  
O'er swelling hill and peaceful dale,  
Each blushing field doth fully show,  
The blessings which God doth bestow;  
I see no goodness but hath turned me.  
Upon this earth I am nothing—nay,  
I fearful I know that God doth send.  
With love, His scepter day to day.  
In spots unfrequent—unknown,  
I see the violet bloom alone;  
Farewell, fair May; welcome sweet June,  
That fills our paths with light and bloom!

## The Lawful Wife.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

ANGUS CLAIBORNE slowly ascended the stairs leading to the second floor in the rear portion of his grand but gloomy-looking mansion in—street, Philadelphia. A look of half-doubt, half-fear was upon his face, but there was a cold, merciless glitter in his gray eyes, telling of some stern resolve that would be carried out despite any threatening danger.

He paused before a closed door, and stood with head bowed as if in deep thought. Then producing a heavy key, he unlatched and opened the door, entering and quickly closing it behind him.

He stood upon the threshold of what seemed a prison cell. A deep window, heavily barred, looking out upon the cold cheerless back yard. The dismal clang of iron chains—the half-stifled cry of a prisoner.

Before him, seated upon a low bed, was a woman. That she had been, at no very distant time, more than commonly beautiful, was evident. Young, her features regular, her hair long and glossy.

But there was a wild, scared look upon her face and large dark eyes as she shrank tremblingly back from the stern gaze that was fixed upon her. As she moved, there came the harsh clank of iron chains, fastened around her waist and then to the wall.

"Mercy, Angus—have mercy on your poor wife!" she gasped, stretching her hands appealingly toward him.

"Still that old strain," he cried, impatiently. "Will you never be convinced? I tell you that you are *not* my wife—that I never married you!"

"Angus, why do you say that? We were married—I knew the minister. He was an old family friend. Then why do you deny me?"

"He is dead. The only other witness besides old Agatha is dead. Thus—even admitting that it *was* legal, which I deny and can prove—how can *you* prove it?" coldly sneered the man.

"Angus, you are jesting—you do not mean this—you will not deny your wife?"

A cold laugh was his only reply.

"Angus, my husband, think what you do. I am your wife; I ask you by the memory of the time gone by to abandon this foul scheme. We were happy once—we may be again if you will only listen to reason. I loved you dearly then—I will still if you free me and love me as you did when we first met. I will never betray you. We will go far away from here, to a country where we are not known, and begin life anew. Angus—husband—do not look so coldly upon me! Your eyes pierce my heart and make me shudder! I am afraid of you now, when you look like that!" murmured the woman, as she shrank back still further.

"Alice," said Claiborne, and his voice sounded harsh and grating: "you rave and know not what you say. The past is dead, and better for you that it is so. You shall never leave this room alive, unless you consent to what I asked of you. Give me up that paper—the certificate of your marriage, and you may go where you will."

"If the ceremony was a farce, as you say, what good can the paper do you?"

"It will keep you from making trouble. Without that, no one would listen to you, nor would dare to make a stir in the matter. With it, you might find some one fool enough to believe your story, and I don't wish my name talked about; just now, especially."

"Just now?"

"Yes. I am to be married, and—"

"Married? You are married! I am your wife, and while I live—"

"You do not live, except in this room. You died in Italy. Your grave is there, marked with an elegant tombstone, erected by a sorrowing husband," sneered the man.

"Angus!"

"'Tis true. You were in my way. I did not like to shed blood, and you were obstinate. So I gave out that you were dead. No one saw you brought here. No one but myself and old Agatha knows that you are here now."

"But this must end soon. I told you I was about to be married. So I am—to a lady whom I love far better than I ever did you. Even if I did not, she has money enough to make it an object. We will be married to-morrow evening at Grace Church, and start at once for the Continent."

"I have left orders that you should be cared for. Agatha will attend to that. I furnished her plenty of money, and there are insane asylums here as well as in England, that are discreetly kept, and whose owners ask no troublesome questions as long as they are well paid. You will be entered as Agatha's daughter, and kept where you can never trouble me."

"This is what will be done, unless you think better of it, and give me that paper. Then as soon as we are gone, you may go on your way in peace. Will you consent? It will be better for us both, perhaps."

"Never! I know you now! The scales have fallen from my eyes and I see you in your true colors—a merciless, cold-blooded schemer. But I will foil you—if it costs me my life! I will foil you and expose you to the world! You can never find the paper—it is in a safe place, and will be brought up to foil your plans. You may triumph for a while, but the reward will come, sooner or later."

"You rave, Alice. You are in my power and can do nothing. It will soon be too late. Better reflect. I give you one more chance. Which do you choose?"

"I have told you," was the firm reply.

"So it is, then. You have only yourself to blame. It is not likely you will ever see me again, as this may be my last visit here. My wife—ha! ha!—I salute you!" laughed Claiborne, as he turned to leave the room.

The door clanged heavily behind him, and the eyes of the terribly-wronged wife drooped to the floor. Suddenly a bright light overspread her pale and haggard features. A gleam of hope presented itself.

There, upon the floor where he had stood, lay a small key of a peculiar pattern. A second glance showed her that it was indeed the one that unlocked the chain that bound her.

She sprung forward to secure it, forgetting her situation for the moment. With a metallic clangor the chain straightened out, and she fell heavily to the floor. The key was just beyond her reach.

In vain she struggled and strained her arms. When fully extended, the coveted article was two feet beyond them. For a moment Alice despaired.

To see freedom so nigh, and yet so distant, was bitter indeed. It secured freedom, although even then she would be a captive. She well knew that no strength of hers could force the door or window.

Help from old Agatha she could not expect. The hag was faithful to her foster son. But still, the chain once loosened, Alice believed she could escape.

For a moment she lay in apathetic despair. Then her face lightened with renewed hope. She arose and grasped a blanket from the bed.

Doubling this, the prisoner cast it over the key, still retaining the ends. Twice she did this, and each time brought the key a trifle closer. Then, with a wild cry of joy, Alice grasped it, and the next moment the iron girdle fell from her waist.

She was altogether passing fair, and as Roy Davenal watched her from the library, whither he had caught a glimpse of Mr. De Vigne as he strode hastily past, he felt a strange aching at his heart that this Albert De Vigne, with his handsome black eyes and jetty blackness of hair, his courtly ways and whining smiles, would win and wear the fair, golden-haired girl whose blue eyes held all his heaven, in whose low, pure laugh he took in the sweetest melody earth could offer.

So he sat, watching her as she watched De Vigne, never dreaming she had but just refused his offer of marriage, at first kindly, though firmly, then indignantly, when her suitor attempted to coerce her by persuasions that were angry, and threats that were cruel.

Then the stairs without creaked under the slow, heavy tread of the janitress. Alice crouched still closer and grasped her weapon afresh. The key grated in the lock and the door swung open. The wife sprung forward with a low cry and dealt the woman a fearful blow with the chair-leg. A low

from making you realize that I will not be trifled with, with the impunity you seem to think. I tell you, Cora Rainor, you'll be sorry for this day's work—you'll rue it, and that too before a fortnight rolls over your head."

His sudden tempest of passionate utterance had subsided into a quiet, terrible earnestness, that with the pale, compressed look around his lips, made the girl wonder, for a minute, with a vague sort of fear, if it was true what he said. She would have asked him, but at that moment he caught up his hat, and walked rapidly out the door, that stood wide open, that warm, bright Easter Monday. She very naturally watched him out of sight, her rare, bright blue eyes taking on a slight expression of puzzlement, not a little of amazement.

She made an unconsciously pretty picture as she stood there in the doorway, her light round figure bending gracefully forward, and the long skirt of her blue silk dress lying in heavy folds around her. Her fair hair, brushed off her forehead in *Pompadour*, fell in a thick, hair-curling mass at the back of her shapely head, and now, as the April zephyrs lifted the golden tresses, they were wafted wind-blown over her pink-tinted cheeks and white neck.

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cruel grasp, till the tiny, narrow, golden bracelets cut into her tender flesh.

"Cora Rainor, I say, you are not going to escape me. You either swear, over your mother's grave, to marry me, or I swear to—well, I will have my revenge, and you'll never see home again!"

A low, pitiful scream came from her lips.

"No—no, Mr. De Vigne, you will not, you dare not! My sainted mother, whose spirit hovers here, will surely keep me from your cruel hands—"

"Then you refuse?"

He bent down till his hot breath flamed over her cheeks, and his voice was hoarse and merciless.

"I can not marry you—oh! for God's sake don't, Mr. De—"

The wild ejaculation came leaping from her lips, for she had seen a moist handkerchief come from his vest pocket, in a square box that he dashed to the ground. Its cold, wet surface touched her face, and then—

Mr. De Vigne quickly lifted her from the grass, and a half-dozen steps brought him to the one vault of the little cemetery.

He rushed in, laid Cora's unconscious form on the dark, mouldy floor, and then, with wild eyes and ghastly lips, drew to the heavy oaken door that he had been hours unfastening in the darkness of the night preceding, and from where he had seen Cora enter that afternoon.

"Above the stars?"

"Well, not exactly," returned the other, smiling. "Did I say the stars? Yes? I mean, of course, the clouds. Come, now, boy, and reply to my interrogation, as amended."

"To tell the truth, Granville," answered Heber Ditson, "I scarce know what to say; and yet I do not wish to decline your kindness."

"An engagement, then?"

"A sort of one."

"With Ollie? Do not disturb the sweet little creature to-night, Hebe. You know you are to be married next week. She will get enough of you then, and *vice versa*. Come, make up your mind for the little aerial trip I propose."

"Yes, I'll go, if for nothing else than to please you, Gran. Is the Sky-bird ready?"

"Nearly so," said Granville Fortney, exhibiting great pleasure at his chum's decision. "I can put her in trim in a few minutes. Right wheel! Hebe, you'd make a poor soldier."

The friends laughed as they turned into a street which terminated in the eastern suburbs of Wellsburgh.

A short walk, during which a lively conversation was maintained, brought the twain to an uncultivated lot, in the center of which might have been seen a beautiful little gas balloon, as taut as a well-manned sloop. The net-work was stretched to its utmost tension, and the aerial bird seemed eager to launch upon the atmospheric sea.

"I inflated the little bird before I sought you, Hebe," said Fortney, proceeding to prepare the balloon for departure. "I did not count upon your refusal, and you see I was right. I tell you, Hebe, I envy you the beautiful and inestimable jewel you are going to gain next Friday. You know, boy, that I loved Ollie Griffith once, and, by Jove! I love her still. To know her is to love her. The sweet angel! Why, Hebe, when she whispered, 'No,' to my, 'Will you become my bride, Ollie?' I was thunderstruck. My heart became still—a mass of icy steel in my breast—and I walked from the arbor, never uttering another word. And when I heard—as I did a few days after my rejection—that she loved you, I cried, 'God bless Hebe Ditson!' Hebe, you will take good care of Ollie, if for nothing else than my sake."

"Indeed I will, Gran," said big-hearted Heber Ditson, something very like a big pearl glistening upon his cheek. "There! you are ready now, I suppose."

"Yes, jump in."

Heber obeyed, and saw his companion follow his example.

"One more jerk," said Granville, tugging at the rope which kept the balloon on *terra firma*. "There! Hold fast, Hebe! Now, up we go—like a rocket!"

It took the air vessel but a moment to penetrate the pure, strong atmosphere above the house-tops, and before the twain could suitably congratulate themselves upon their invigorating ride, the balloon was passing through the opaque clouds that prevented Luna and her companion worlds of brightness from showering their ambient light upon the earth.

All at once the balloon burst into the full blaze of the sky-sphere.

"How beautiful!" cried Fortney, gazing upon the indescribable celestial sight.

"Look yonder, Hebe, at Polar! Is she not the queen of the stars? Ha! my Skybird enters a current of southern air, and away we fly toward the North Star. Perhaps we can shoot a 'good-night' to the inhabitants. On, on, yet up, up. Isn't this delightful?"

"Up in a balloon, boys,

Up in a balloon,

On a voyage of discovery,

Sailing round the moon."

An indescribable tone pervaded the singer's voice; but young Ditson, knowing his companion's temperament, ascribed it to excitement.

Many minutes passed—perhaps thirty—and still the Skybird kept on in its upward path, with a rapidity that was astonishing.

Another quarter of an hour.

Still up, up—heavenward.

The atmosphere was contracting, and the cold compelled Heber Ditson to don his overcoat, remarking as he completed the operation:

"Gran, I think we have attained sufficient altitude. I should judge that we are twelve thousand feet above Wellsburgh. I, therefore, counsel a descent, and suggest that we smoke a pipe till dawn, in my study."

Fortney seemed to take no notice whatever of his chum's words.

"We have reached an altitude nearer fourteen thousand feet than twelve; but, we are not going to stop till we reach Benetnasch. You see him yonder in the tail of Urs Major. We are going straight to him now."

"Do descend to reason, Gran," said Heber, a gust of icy wind piercing his heart.

"Open the throttle. I'll freeze to death away up here, in a short time. Well, if you are determined to go to Benetnasch, I am not. I'll open the valve."

"You will not, sir!" cried Fortney, in an unnatural tone.

"What do you mean, Gran?" asked Heber, looking up into his face but half-revealed in the dim lantern light.

"That we are going to Benetnasch," was the mad reply. "Take your hand off that cord, or, by heaven! we'll have a funeral on the planet when we get there."



THE LAWFUL WIFE.

## Cora's Revengful Lover.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

By the memory of your rejection of me, I swear to be revenged, proud, fearless woman that you think are."

Albert De Vigne's black eyes were looking the enraged vengeance he felt, and Cora Rainor's face grew more haughty in its derisive beauty; and her eyes flashed a fire that equaled the flame in his own.

Then she smiled, calmly, even amusedly.

"How perfectly ridiculous, Mr. De Vigne! As if because a lady thinks best to refuse to become your wife, she needs not be threatened therewith! Why, you surely have forgotten we are living very near to New York city, and in the year of grace 1871!"

Heber saw a revolver leveled at his head, and sunk back with a groan. Then he saw a light in Fortney's eyes which he had seen in the orbs of maniacs confined within Mount Hope's walls.

"My God, he's mad!"

Those soul-chilling words bubbled to his colorless lips unsummoned.

Still up, toward Benetnasch the planet. And before him stood the mad ryal, with glaring eyes and leveled pistol.

It was a fearful situation.

At length an altitude of twenty thousand feet was attained.

Just think of it. Twenty thousand feet above the earth, and in a madman's power.

"Yes, we are going to Benetnasch!" cried the maniac, fiendishly. "I'll leave you there, return alone, and marry Ollie. I've set my head on that, and all things present and those to come can not alter my determination. There goes our light! Well, let it go. A deputation will come down from Benetnasch, directly, with torches. Ha! ha! ha!"

Such a laugh! Pandemonium might produce its rival, which had never rent the air since the earliest dawn of light.

As the balloon rose the air became rarer, and at last it was so attenuated that respiration grew difficult. At length the least movement on the part of either of the men caused the aerial bird to oscillate and perform a waltz, which could not end otherwise than in destruction.

Heber Ditson grew desperate as he thought over his fearful situation—of the sweet little creature thousands of feet below him.

He resolved to make a struggle for life. He felt that his safety depended upon his physical strength, which was superior to Fortney's in his sane moments. But what additional power the demon Insanity had given him he knew not.

He began to rise.

"Down I!" shouted the madman.

"I'm tired of sitting," said Ditson, calmly meeting the flash of the devilish eyes. "I'm going to Benetnasch with you, Gran. Look yonder. Is that not the planet's deputation?"

Ditson's finger pointed over the maniac's shoulder, and, completely thrown off his guard, Granville turned.

The next moment Heber had struck the weapon from his grasp, and it was falling down, down, through space, like a returning rocket.

The demon turned with a howl of rage, and threw himself upon Ditson. The young man shunned not the contest, and in that frail basket, far above the clouds, the fiercest struggle ever recorded took place. The movements of the twain caused the balloon to perform tremendous circles in the thin air, like a madman in the wildest delirium of insanity.

Below them all was dark, while far above a million resplendent worlds contemplated the frightful scene.

Such a struggle could not last long.

Suddenly Heber's hand closed upon his mad antagonist's throat. He forced him to the edge of the basket, struggling still.

The next moment something dark, resembling a great ball, was falling down, down, everlasting down!

Heber Ditson was the sole occupant of the fatal basket!

He staggered to the valve-cord, and managed to give it a few jerks before he sank down insensiblē.

The aerial monster ceased to oscillate and began to descend. The descent was rapid, too rapid for safety; but the victor knew it not.

The next day some farmer found him twenty miles from Wellsburgh, "bruised and wounded by the fall." His second escape was as miraculous as the first.

And, scarce a mile from where he lay, was found a shapeless mass of flesh, wild and broken.

Poor Fortney! He never got to Benet-

nasch.

**The Winged Whale:**  
OR,  
**THE MYSTERY OF RED RUPERT.**

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "SCARLET HAND," "HEART OF FIRE,"  
AND "WOLF DEMON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CAPTURE.

With an anxious brow the commandante, Don Alvarado, paced the ramparts, of the fort. Messenger after messenger had brought news of the near approach of the American army.

The Spanish commander had made all possible preparation for the attack, but, as he looked upon the little body of soldiers that composed his army, he fully realized that resistance was almost hopeless.

Many an anxious glance he cast seaward. The man who they arrested as Lafitte was this young sailor, Red Rupert, the captain of the Yankee privateer, the Winged Whale. I saw his vessel when she lay off New Orleans. The commandante denounced him as Lafitte that he might remove him from his son's way. And, now, listen to another truth, Nanon: you are not the daughter of the pirate; I told you the story that the stigma of your birth might separate you from this Spaniard, who was unworthy of your love, and has played you false from the first.

A bitter smile came over the swarthy face of the Spaniard as he surveyed the foe through a field-glass and noted they had no artillery.

"Without cannon they can not batter down my walls, and I'll hold the fort while a soldier remains," he muttered, as his gaze rested on the dark line that encircled the fortification. "My guns will play havoc with them as they move over the level plain to the assault. What can detain Estevan?"

And as he asked the question again, he looked seaward. This time the white sails of a vessel met his eyes, beating up the rear. But, a single glance told him that it was not the coasting schooner that he looked upon.

A strange foreboding of evil crept over him.

"That is not the schooner," he said, in alarm; "it is a brigantine. Perhaps an English cruiser!" and his face brightened up at the thought. "By the saints! if it should be an Englishman, perhaps I may be able to give these Americans a lesson."

Then he leveled the glass at the strange craft.

"Her decks are full of men, and I can see the glitter of a brass piece amidships," he murmured. "She flies no flag at her peak, and comes steadily on as if well acquainted with the harbor."

Gently, the sailor kissed the white brow of

Long and carefully the Spaniard examined the stranger through the glass; a conviction forced itself into his mind, despite the pain the thought gave him.

"It is an American!" he muttered, in despair.

And then, as if in answer to his words, a flag was run up, and as it lazily unfolded itself in the breeze, the banner of the Republic, the "Stars and Stripes," was displayed.

"Resistance is useless!" the commandante cried in despair; "all my guns are *en bâbette*. That brass piece amidships is probably an eighteen-pounder, whose range is far greater than any of my own. He can lay off beyond the line of our fire and dismount my pieces one by one."

Then an officer, bearing a white flag, galloped forth from the line of the besieging army and approached the fort.

The American cruiser rounded to, let go her anchors, clewed up her sails, and opened her ports in warlike array.

The officer halted a short distance from the fort.

The commandante approached the edge of the rampart.

"Your business, señor?" the Spaniard asked.

"To see the commanding officer of this post."

"Why does the American General attack the city of a nation with which his republic is at peace?" demanded the commandante.

"I am not here, señor, to discuss political questions but warlike ones," replied the officer, curtly. "I am instructed by General Jackson to inform you that, if you decline to surrender, our forces will open fire at once."

"Return to your commander; tell him that, in order to save the effusion of blood, I will surrender, but I protest against this unwarrantable outrage upon a neutral power," said the commandante, gravely.

"Forgive me!" said Isabel passed rapidly to the side of the cold Spaniard and laid her hand upon his shoulder. "I could not let the love that is in my heart."

"You are not to blame, poor child," the Spaniard said, affectionately. "I must blame myself, and one who has now gone far from earthly judgment. Freely I give to you the man you love, if my poor son will make you one while the happier."

"Senor," and he turned to the sailor, "I have wronged you; I own it frankly, and I ask your pardon. But, one thing I swear to you: I never sought your life. When I caused you to be arrested as the pirate Lafitte, it was to prevent you from killing my son, Estevan, or he from killing you. I saw that there would be murder done if you were both at liberty."

"I believe you, señor," Rupert replied.

"And now, I have a favor to ask at your hands."

"A favor from me?" asked the Spaniard, with a searching glance into Rupert's face, as he spoke.

"Yes; listen to me. Some years ago there lived in this city of Pensacola a boy whose birth and parentage were a mystery. He was brought up by an old fisherman. When he was fourteen years of age he dared to forget that he was almost a slave—for the red blood of the Indian mingled with the white drops in his veins, and all, save one, looked upon him as being little better than the black. He committed what was called a crime by the Spaniards. The lash repaid his fault. Smarting with shame he fled from the scene of his disgrace and vowed that he would never return until he had won a name, that even the proudest Spaniard would not dare to scoff at. Time passed on; the boy became a man; little by little, he fought his way upward, cheered by one hope alone. From the forecastle he gained the quarter-deck. He won the commission of captain in the naval service of the United States. Then he returned to Pensacola, two objects in his mind; first, to win the girl whose face had been ever with him amid all his toils and dangers; second to unravel the mystery that surrounded his birth. I am the man whose career from the fisherman's boy to the American captain I have traced." And now, señor commandante, I ask you, do you know aught of my parents?"

"Why do you put such a question to me?" the Spaniard asked, slowly, his gaze half-averted from the face of the sailor.

"Because your features are familiar to me; they recall memories of my childhood—of troops of dark-hued warriors standing round me; the red chiefs of the forest. I feel a presentation that, in some way, you are connected with my early life," Rupert replied.

For a moment there was silence in the room. The commandante seemed struggling with many emotions. At last he spoke, slowly:

"Senor," he said, "if I speak, my words will revive painful memories that, for long years, I have striven to forget; but I will reveal all that I know. Years ago, a young brother of a noble house in old Spain killed an opponent in a duel. The slain man was the son of one of the high officers of the government. The young man was obliged to fly for his life. In order to evade pursuit he enlisted as a common soldier in a battalion of foot, *en route* for the New World. He came here to Pensacola. Again his fiery temper led him astray. Another victim fell by his sword, and, hunted like the wolf, he fled to the shelter of the forest and sought refuge with the Indians of the Appalachee tribe. Chance favored him here. The great medicine-man of the tribe was a white sailor who had been shipwrecked on the coast. The savages saved his life, and he, being without kith or kin in the world, became one of them. Naturally shrewd, the sailor soon persuaded the untutored red-men that he was possessed of superhuman powers. On his breast was graven a strange device—sailor-fashion—which he declared was the token of the Great Spirit. The mark was a huge Winged Whale. The Indians called him 'The man-with-the-flying-fish,' and revered him as an agent of the Great Spirit."

"In the white Indian, the Spanish soldier found a friend. Then again fortune favored him; a beautiful young girl, the flower of the Appalachee nation, loved the white stranger, became his wife. A son was born to the soldier. The medicine-man charmed it from all danger by placing on its baby breast a Winged Whale, like unto the mark he bore.

"Two years only the soldier lived with the tribe, for then a Spaniard sought him in the forest with strange news from Spain.

The soldier's older brother had died; the assailant against him had been removed, and wealth and honor waited for him in Spain.

He deserted his wife and babe and returned to his native land."

"I then am the child of this soldier, for I bear upon my breast the mark of a Winged Whale," exclaimed Rupert. "But my father?" he asked; "his name, and does he live?"

"He was called Steel-arm, and he is dead," replied the commandante, slowly.

"The white man lies," said a deep, guttural voice, and through the open window the old Indian chief bounded, nimbly, into the room.

The commandante started in terror, and his face became deadly pale.

"O tee-hee was once a great chief of the Appalachee nation; he was the brother of

the girl. From that hour their paths in life ran side by side. In time, Nanon forgot

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

WITHIN the room of the commandante, Don Alvarado, stood a group of three. The light from the burning candles fell upon anxious faces.

The commandante was leaning upon the chair from which he had arisen at the entrance of his visitors. The Spanish commandante had been released on parole.

By the door stood the young sailor. Red Rupert, and by his side, his promised bride, the fair Isabel.

Lupah, the flower of the tribe. He gave her to the false white man who ran back to his wigwams across the big salt lake. The red squaw died—her heart shattered as the forked light shatters the oak. The red chief took the child of the false white man and gave it to the dwellers in the big wigwams here. He said he would kill the white chief when he met him, but now he spits at him in contempt. Young brave, you are the child of Lupah; *there stands your father!*"

With outstretched finger, the chief pointed to the commandante, who sunk speechless into the chair. Rupert and Isabel looked on in amazement, hardly able to believe their ears.

A moment the Indian looked at the Spaniard cowering beneath the fire of his eyes, and then he bounded through the window and disappeared.

"Heaven forgive me for the crime I have committed!" cried the Spaniard.

"The Indian has spoken the truth, I am thy father; Estevan was thy half-brother. I strove to do all in my power to keep you from injuring each other. I favored him, I know, for he, though the youngest born, was dearer to my heart than you, the child that I deserted in infancy. Rupert, can you forgive your guilty father?" The commandante, rising, approached the soldier with outstretched hands.

As the Spaniard stood in the center of the room, something whizzed through the window. With a hollow groan, the commandante fell forward on his face, an Indian arrow driven through his body.

The commandante strove to speak, but the blood gushed from his mouth and choked his utterance. A movement more and the Spaniard had gone to his long home.

The Appalachee chief had kept his vow. History tells us how Spain finally relinquished Pensacola to the United States.

Rupert and Isabel were married. In their New England home they forgot the dangers of the past.

Honest Decius Andrews, in the town of Salem, became the happy possessor of a buxom Yankee wife; and, in the course of years, a half-dozen tow-headed olive-branches played around his knee. In the long winter nights he opens their blue eyes with wonder, as he tells them of the terrible water-demon that a shrewd Yankee skipper constructed in a far-off Southern bayou, and how the armed foed in terror from the awfully monster, the Winged Whale.

THE END.

### The Death Struggle.

#### A LEGEND OF HUNTER'S COVE.

BY C. D. CLARK.

A STRANGE SPOT it was. A cleft in the wall of rock rising on the shore, running back a hundred yards, into the depths of a silent wood. A dark, sluggish stream, creeping in from the swamp to the south, emptied its waters into the cove. Deep shadows always lay upon it, and it seemed a fit place for the performance of dark deeds. And Hunter's Cove had a history which was told me by one who knew all the tales of forest life about the place from the old time until now.

Years ago, when Newtown was in its infancy, in fact a mere trading-post, two officers of the garrison were mad for the love of a beautiful girl, the daughter of another officer. She favored one more than the other, and that other, a dark, revengeful man, plotted how he could be avenged upon her, and upon her lover. Lieutenant Norwood, the young officer who was the favorite of Mildred Olney, was a young man of rare promise, admired by every one, as much as Hunter, his rival, was detested. There had been no open rupture, for Captain Hunter was too good a tactician to press an injury until it was fully ripe; so he watched and waited, confident that a time would come; and it did.

One day they were at the mess-table and were drinking wine. Captain Hunter lifted a glass full to the brim, and so that another drop would have caused it to overflow. He had a steady hand, for he repeatedly raised and lowered it, preserving an unruffled surface.

"One needs nerve to do that," he said, with a dark smile.

"Indeed, you are right," replied a captain near him. "And you have it."

"I was about to propose a health, which I am sure you will not refuse to do honor to," said Hunter, setting down his glass without tasting it. "Miss Mildred Olney, my affianced wife, opened it. Her sudden appearance startled the young man, and he stepped back hastily, falling, at length, upon the ground. Uttering a cry of triumph, Hunter raised his blade to dispatch his enemy. At that moment came a rushing sound, and a heavy body dropped upon the captain's head, felling him to the ground. Norwood started up and seized his gun, for there, crouching upon the body of Hunter, was that terror of the American woods, the panther. Norwood raised his rifle and fired. The brute gave a convulsive bound and dropped at the feet of his destroyer, dead.

They ran to raise the fallen man, and found him dying. A struggle, a gasp, and Charles Hunter was no more. Since that day the grass has grown rank upon the spot where they made his grave, and the owls and bats make their home about the gloomy place. The story was handed down from generation to generation among the children and grandchildren of Egbert Norwood and Mildred, and from the lips of one of these I heard the tale.

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riors were there, had landed on the same side of the lake as that where the Avengers were concealed, skirted the edge, and descended toward a dense timber at the southern end of the lake, and in this direction Kenewa took his way.

His eyes were fixed upon the ground, upon the trail which the careless ruffians had left, and at length his patience was rewarded by a discovery of the spot on which they were camped. A dim light through the trees indicated the position.

Death hovered over their heads. But Kenewa controlled his almost ungovernable emotion.

They were assembled where a large spreading chestnut threw forth its aged arms over a small hillock. The spot was like the secret fastness of some wild animal, some beast of prey. It was guarded on one side by a small river, and on the other by a complicated screen of underwood, consisting principally of those luxuriantly plaited vines which mark the upper American woodlands.

Here sat the ruffians, carousing. A small fire of brushwood had been kindled near the foot of the chestnut, and its blaze was sufficiently strong to throw a bright glare of light on the motley crew. They had been broiling venison, late as the hour was; this Kenewa could tell by the odor. But now one and all were busily engaged in filling up cans with steaming hot whisky punch, which they ladled out from a kind of keg that hung from three sticks over the fire.

The Huron saw that the ruffians were in for a carouse, and a smile of grim satisfaction passed over his dusky countenance as he thought how, when lying in the sodden sleep of the drunkard, he would crawl up, slay and scalp the whole lot; afeat in his eyes doubly glorious, as enabling him to claim the thanks of his fellow Hurons, and to possess himself of trophies of valor that did not often swing on the tent-pole of a Huron brave.

The four bandits, whose backs were to him, were, when he crawled to within a dozen feet of the fire, watching Mike Horne, who, with the appetite of a wolf, was devouring slice after slice of venison, as it he feared he should never eat another meal.

"Well, now," said Mo, "it is a sight to see a feller eat like that. Mike, you'll breed a famine!"

"You'd eat, too, if you'd have gone through as much as this child has to day."

"Well, spit it out. Where did them beautifull scratches come from?" said Mo.

"Darn the she-devil's skin I say," growled Mike; "thof I karn't help larfing."

And he took a very large pull at the whisky can.

"Tell your story," said Mo.

"Well, yar it is. I was loafin' up the hill, a-dodging about to find if I could see a like-ly bit of a buck to shute, or one of them ramping red-skins to pop off, when, all of a sudden, if I didn't kin across the prettest print of a moccasin in the sand of the pine barren as ever I see it!"

"A gal?" said Mo.

"You're right, and a spanker, too!"

"Well, go on."

I folfed her. She didn't walk very quick; so in about ten minutes I kin in sight of her, and curse me, if it warn't that Martha gal of Judge Mason's!"

Mo frowned.

"Jist you wait a bit. Now I know'd as how she would be scared, so I crawls up to whar she was a-sittin' on a log, a-lookin' at her face in a bit of broken glass; thin I seed, darn me, it warn't Martha at all!" continued Mike.

"Who was it?"

"A red-skin squaw dressed up in the white gal's furbelows," continued the ruffian.

"Well, I claps my hand on her shoulder and gives her a grip."

"Come along with me," says I.

"Pale-face thief!" she says, quite quiet.

"Now this put my dander up, and I plainly told her that I wanted a squaw, and she said she wouldn't have me. I ups and tells her she war mine and not to be foolish. She then got away a bit; but I wader her, though she did run like a good un. Well, at last I overtook her, when, thunder and snakes, a fine idea struck me!"

"Out with it!"

"Well, coming along, I picked up a knife belonging to that cussed Steve, the scout."

"Oh! oh!" cried the ruffians.

Kenewa breathed hard, and clutched his rifle.

"I know'd them Shawnees had their dander up about him; so what does I do, but drags the gal to where war a pool and put her in it, arter which I sticks the darned niggur's knife right up to the hilt in her heart, and than I leaves her!"

"Then the Indians will suspect that long-shanks of a scout," said Moses, gravely.

"Yes."

"Well, if they don't, just you keep out of their way, Master Mike; and if they don't roast you alive, my bully buff, don't say I said so."

"You gives a feller precious consolation," said Mike.

"Well, if you want to know my opinion, when yet want to do any thing with these red-mugged wood-scouters, leave their women alone—lastwise their girls."

Three of the Bandits now lay down to sleep, while the others prepared to watch.

Mike was too exhausted and weary, he having, as explained to the sentinel, hid in a bush, until he saw the scout come up and draw his knife from the body.

He then recounted the story of Steve's capture by the Indians, whom, in his exultation and triumph, he had followed to the very verge of their village. Then tired and weary, he had made the best of his way to the camp.

To analyze the feelings of Kenewa—first, as regards the vile outrage and brutal murder of the girl, and then as the fate of his friend was being developed—would be impossible. "Were vain to paint the fearful passions that assailed his bosom, the storm of indignation and of rage which made his breast heave, his eyes glare, and his cheeks burn. For a moment his calm resolution, common sense and keen knowledge of the world forsook him, but only for a moment."

"Death to the murderous gang," he still vowed, "without a thought of mercy!" But his first resolve was to save Steve, whose perilous position he well understood. After a moment's consideration his mind was made up.

Selecting a spot for repose where he was safe from the observation of the five ruffians, the Huron lay down with a determination to sleep, which, in the case of a red-skin, seldom fails of being carried out.

It was some time in the morning ere he awoke, but though for a moment he gave a start, he soon saw that he had not lain too long.

"How came the pale-face's knife in her heart?"

"It was my knife, Kenewa," said Steve, in a humble tone. "I dropped it near where the deer was skinned, and some dotted-rotted scoundrel picked it up and killed the poor gal."

"Kenewa has brought the murderer," said the Sioux, and with these words lie

drew of the cape, and exhibited the rufian visage of Mike Horne to view.

A loud murmur passed through the ranks of the Shawnees.

"Hullo, Theanderigo!" he said, addressing the Shawnee chief, "here we are. How are you? I'm poopy thustly—my mouth's like a baker's oven. Ain't you got nothing to drink? Come, give us a drink, and cut these here infernal ropes."

No answer was made.

"Will my brother," said Black Hawk, courteously addressing the young Huron warrior, "explain why he thinks the Big Robber of the Scioto the assassin of the girl?"

Kenewa, in a brief narrative, told exactly what he had heard Mike relate to his brother.

"The tarnation villain!" cried Steve.

"Thunder!" cried Mike, on whose cadaverous and livid countenance a cold sweat broke out as he heard how, almost miraculously, his boasting confession had told against him.

"Untie the scout," said Theanderigo.

"Steve is a moment more was loosened from the stake, so weak and stiff as to fall to the ground, where he remained some minutes his impeded circulation allowed him even to sit up with any comfort.

Kenewa having performed his duty, stepped on one side, leaving all the rest in the hands of the Shawnees, who, anxious to show their justice and honesty in presence of a renowned enemy, allowed both himself and friend ample freedom, though they themselves knew well that they were watched.

The spectacle that now awaited the Shawnees was one of peculiar interest. The physical strength, power, and daring of the camp all connected with the abduction of their prisoners that Steve, by taunting on without any apparent motive, was able to shrewdly believe that he would not act at the stake in the same calm and heroic way that had extracted so much admiration even from the enemies of Steve.

This state of excitement had a natural consequence.

Every man, woman and child was collected to see the wondrous sight, and the crowd was both dense and noisy in the extreme.

Martha stood silent for a minute or two on the edge of the multitude, and then silently moved away, as if unable to bear the sight of the expected torture.

Tom stood with folded arms, close to Steve, with his eyes fixed upon Mike.

Suddenly he stooped and whispered to the scout, who never moved a muscle, but showed at the same time his appreciation of the other's communications by a wink.

Kenewa, who was seated on the ground close to Steve, heard every word that passed. A momentary glow suffused his face, and then was all over.

Tom Smith then sauntered away, as if he were a mere idler in the camp.

Mike Horne had now been bound to the stake where Steve had endured so much, and at a signal from Theanderigo he was stripped stark naked, not by the usual process of taking off his clothes, but by having them cut from under the thongs by knives.

It is not in our power to minutely describe the tortures now inflicted on the unhappy wretch. The cries of the agonized sufferer now became awful, and soon grew into the wildest shrieks of fear, mingled with groans, howls, broken prayers and execrations, now mingled with entreaties, now with cries of fierce and frantic command.

Steve alone shuddered. All the rest were unmoved.

Soon the executioners stood back, and the hideous spectacle of a man half-skinned alive and maimed in ways too hideous to describe was presented.

Then a pile arose, as if by magic, on the plain—a funeral pile—six feet wide and five high.

Again Theanderigo gave orders, and a part of the crowd giving way, eight girls appeared, with their long, dark, flowing tresses falling loosely over their bosoms, as they bore along on a litter the corpse of the murdered girl.

The bleeding, half-dying, tongueless wretch gave a wild and inarticulate howl, after which he closed his eyes, as if to shut out the horrid vision that on the threshold of the grave appeared to haunt his dying moments.

He opened his eyes, however, when he felt himself unfastened from the stake and lifted in powerful hands, which deposited him ruthlessly on the funeral pile, beside his victim.

Though without feet or hands, being nothing in fact, but a bleeding trunk, the hideous wretch struggled to get away, but the savages bound him firmly, so that his cheek touched the cold, clammy flesh of the corpse.

A low howl, like that of a wild beast, was all the opposition he could make to this fearful act of retribution.

Then four torches were applied to the fagots, and a burst of flame and smoke indicated that the last scene of all was approaching.

The Indians stood around, awe-struck. This death and burial by fire was unusual with them, and only the hideous ferocity of the Bandit would have justified any of the chiefs in carrying out such a fearful punishment.

Not a sound was heard from the pile when once it was enveloped in flames. It is in charity to be hoped that the wretch was as insensible as his victim ere the dire element lapped him in its fiery and scorching embraces.

He had suffered already all that man could make him suffer.

Such was the fearful end of one of the Robbers of the Scioto.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE FOREST FORT.

The whole conclave dispersed to their several abodes—the Huron and the scout being to all appearance free, though, in reality, many a watchful eye was upon them. The young warrior-chief fully intended attempting to escape, for he knew too well the character of Theanderigo to have any hope that he would act with any thing like honor or principle to one who was his hereditary and deadly foe.

"Does he say so?" asked Kenewa, gravely.

"When does a man shout aloud his own crimes?" asked Theanderigo.

"Chief," said Steve, angrily, "you know that I didn't kill the girl—it's false!"

"How came the pale-face's knife in her heart?"

"It was my knife, Kenewa," said Steve, in a humble tone. "I dropped it near where the deer was skinned, and some dotted-rotted scoundrel picked it up and killed the poor gal."

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"The tarnation villain!" cried Steve.

"Thunder!" cried Mike, on whose cadaverous and livid countenance a cold sweat broke out as he heard how, almost miraculously, his boasting confession had told against him.

"Untie the scout," said Theanderigo.

"Steve is a moment more was loosened from the stake, so weak and stiff as to fall to the ground, where he remained some minutes his impeded circulation allowed him even to sit up with any comfort.

This state of excitement had a natural consequence.

Every man, woman and child was collected to see the wondrous sight, and the crowd was both dense and noisy in the extreme.

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Tom stood with folded arms, close

## SWAMP POETRY.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The golden sun of noonlight gilds  
The frog-pond's sun of green;  
Enchanted bullfrogs dreamin' sweet,  
Sit in the mud serene.  
Turtles, retired from busy life,  
Sit on the logs I rowed.  
Scratching shells came with their hind feet,  
And swim in.

Translucent tadpoles, full of grace,  
Go wiggle through the mud,  
In youthful innocence of heart  
And nobleness of blood.  
And well-developed heads they have,  
They're very plump.  
They're bound to be troubled much  
With water on the brain.

The fly's leaves they drift around  
But with no fairy passenger  
Save now and then a toad.  
Anon a snake puts up a head  
To say—How do you do?  
I'd like for you to come  
To take a bite at you!

A haunt for who-did-it poes this—  
For those who think they see  
In ghostly places, dismal swamps,  
Some hidden harmony.  
For here all day upon a log  
They might remain  
And sit there with party  
Through such a song as mine.

And here how easy 'tis for one  
To fall into a dove!  
I feel my mind relapsing, now,  
And wasps upon my nose.  
My drover's dog is not disturbed  
By song or poetry.  
And all my cares they roll away,  
And I roll off the log.

## The Patriot's Daughter.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WATAREE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

MOTHER! I commit her to your keeping. Watch over her with unceasing vigilance, and take her life without a moment's hesitation should you detect her in an attempt to escape."

After thus instructing the toothless virgin who called him son, Burke Holdencraft, the Tory, clad in the flashy uniform of a commissioned dragoon, stepped to the door.

Maggie Gleason, his beautiful prisoner, followed his example.

The next instant the hag clutched her arm, and drew back her crooked crutch in a threatening manner.

"Another step, my girl," she hissed, in discordant voice, "and I'll mark you for life. She shall not escape, Burke," she continued, addressing her son. "Have no fears on that score. I will watch during the day, and Black Bess shall be with her through the night."

"Now see that you keep your word, mother, for should I return to-morrow night, and find her missing, by Heaven! I'll kill you."

What! kill his mother? Already Burke Holdencraft was a fraticide; therefore, would you think him too scrupulous to add matricide to his many enormous crimes? Yes, he had taken the life of his patriot brother, who had enlisted in the little army of struggling freemen.

Flying to the British, his hands still reeking with his brother's blood, he was commissioned captain of a company of Tory dragoons, and soon made his name a terror to defenseless homes.

Nestling in the beautiful valley he swore to devastate, was the home of Maggie Gleason, who, at the outbreak of hostilities, spurned his unholy passion for the love of Roscoe Bentley, a brave soldier who rode to victory with "Light-horse Harry Lee." The ruffian smothered the rage occasioned by his rejection, and patiently bided his time.

At last it came.

One night, like the night-hawk, he swooped down into the quiet valley, and summoned the Gleasons to their door with the crackling torch.

Maggie's father—feeble widower—was roughly handled, and bound. Then the girl was secured, and, after ransacking the house, to which they applied the torch, the Tories rode away with their booty. Mr. Gleason was taken to the British camp, while Maggie found a jail in the shape of Burke Holdencraft's home, and his mother her relentless guardian.

The morning succeeding the brutal act the Tory took his departure, as the reader has seen; and Maggie was hustled into the only room the second story of the hut contained.

During the past night the Tory had greatly strengthened the apartment by nailing the window down. He might almost have spared himself the task, for it was beyond Maggie's reach, and her couch consisted of a pile of straw on the uneven floor.

The day passed wearily enough to the poor girl, and when night threw her somber pall over the world, Bess, the repulsive negress, took the hag's place, and became Maggie's companion in the attic.

The negress possessed no humane feelings. She would have strangled the patriot's daughter at a word from the Tory. She hated the Americans from the depths of her heart, for General Greene had convicted her ebony husband of being a spy, and had him promptly executed.

The old-fashioned clock was striking eight when Burke Holdencraft returned.

The negress was dozing in one corner of the attic, and Maggie threw herself upon the straw to listen to the conversation progressing between mother and son.

"Well, mother," said Burke, in his loud voice, "to-morrow night our swords drink patriot blood."

"Good!" cried the heartless hag, clapping her skinny hands. "Where do you strike?"

"Among the Americans, beyond the mountain ridge. Our spies brought us the cheering information that a portion of Light-horse Harry's legion had encamped at the foot of the Giant Spur for a few days. They were sent to protect the valley, you know. But the best thing connected with the information is that the rebels are commanded by Roscoe Bentley. Fortune favors me. My brave fellows shall give no quarter. We shall pounce upon them at midnight, and, to-morrow, the rising sun shall behold a squadron of corpses. But, mother, I am completely fagged out. Do you, therefore, get me a bite, and I will go to bed."

Maggie heard the old woman rise and bustle about the room, preparing a night repast for her criminal son.

The information imparted by son to mother sent a nameless and indescribable chill to her heart. That her brave lover and his dragoons were in imminent danger was very manifest, and she resolved to make a des-

perate effort to save them, and, by doing so, save herself, as well, from an unavoidable doom. She knew where the "Giant Spur" towered toward heaven. The road thither was long, but she knew every foot of it, and, well seated upon the back of a good horse, the distance would seem but a mile.

Presently the Tory finished his repast, and retired to a small chamber. A moment thereafter his mother extinguished the light, and followed his example.

Now for escape.

The door was locked within, and strongly bolted without.

Escape in that direction was impossible.

Maggie looked at the prostrate negress, and found her wrapped in deep slumber.

In one corner of the room lay the broken stock of a musket, still a cumbersome thing.

The girl neared it by degrees, and, at last, clutched it with an inaudible ejaculation of joy. Then, with grimalkin steps, she approached the sleeping guard.

Suddenly the stock descended upon Bess' unprotected cranium, and she passed into the state of insensibility.

Then the patriot's daughter converted her strong linsey frock into cords, and bound the vanquished, taking care to secure her mouth.

With the aid of the broken stock, she succeeded, after an hour's labor, in removing the fastenings, and gently removed the sash.

Stepping to the floor, she drew a pistol from Bess' bosom, descended to the ground, and glided toward the stable.

Two steeds, one of which was saddled and bridled, occupied the stalls. She led forth the one particularized; mounted him with agility, and galloped off in the moonlight.

Her attention then flitted to the window, which looked upon a shed in the rear of the hut. Discovering that her station prevented her from working to advantage, she rolled the negress beneath the window, and, mounting her, worked for life.

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